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Tracked to Death; or, the Last Shot.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID, Author of the Helpless Hand, Lone Ranche, Scalp Hunters, White Chief, Rifle Rangers, etc., etc.

BY ARNOLD ISLEB.

Liveliest and merriest

Girl in the west;
Thy lips the cherriest
Lips ever pressed.

Thy teeth the pearliest,
By nature well set;
Thy locks the curliest
Locks fingered yet.

Thy eyes the queenliest Beneath the skies; Even the sereneliest Are won by thine eyes.

Thy heart the cheeriest Of hearts on earth; Winning the weariest With its sweet mirth.

Thy love the holiest, Brought from above; And I, the lowliest, Have won that love.

Life, sweetest, coziest, Blessings be thine; Girl of girls rosiest! Sweetheart of mine.

Tracked to Death; THE LAST SHOT.

BY CAPT. MAYNE REID, AUTHOR OF "HELPLESS HAND," "LONE RANCHE," "SCALP HUNTERS," "WHITE CHIEF," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

A HEAD WITHOUT A BODY. A PRAIRIE, treeless, shrubless, ice. Grass upon it; but so short, that neither ground-squirrel nor gopher could course across it without being seen. Even a crawling snake could scarce find

concealment among its tufts.
Objects are upon it, sufficiently visible to be distinguished at some distance. But these are objects scarce deserving a glance from the prairie-traveler. He would hardly deem it worth while to turn his eyes toward a group of gaunt wolves, much less go in pursuit of them.

With vultures soaring above

SWEETHEART OF MINE. | posed to hesitate and reflect.
The foul birds and filthy beasts seen together, would be proof of prey; that some quarry had fallen upon the plain. It might

be a stricken stag, a prong-horn antelope, or a wild horse crip-pled by some mischance due to his headstrong nature.

Believing it any of these, the traveler would give fresh spur to his steed, and pass onward, leav-ing beast and bird to their ban-quet.

There is no traveler passing over the prairie in question; no human being in sight. But there are wolves grouped upon the ground, and vultures hovering in the air above them. The eager, excited movements of both show that they are preparing for a repast. At the same time, their attitudes tell that they have not yet commenced it.

have not yet commenced it.
Something appears in their midst. At intervals they approach it; the birds swooping from above, the beasts crouchingly along the sward. They go close, almost touching it; and then suddenly recede, starting back as if in affright!

After a time they return again, but only to be frayed as before; and so on, in a series of approaches and retreats!

What can be the object thus keeping them off?
Surely no common quarry, as the dead body of a deer, antelope or mustang? It can not be these, nor yet carcass or carrion of any kind? It can not be a thing that is dead, nor does it look like any thing alive. Seen from a distance, it resembles a human head; nearer, the resemblance grows stronger; close up, it becomes complete. By heavens, it is a human head—the head of a man!

What is there in this to astonish or even cause surprise? A man's head lying upon a Texas less go in pursuit of them.

With vultures soaring above them, he might feel more dis
prairie? Nothing, if scalpless. It would only prove that some ill-starred individual — traveler, Langham Wotel, Langham Pere London, England. Nov 1471

epullement Afan along futhades meles of both must all worm again: he own must be able to carry and with and with your while out my much y remains out my the best of sensing your the array for the States of Jackfully your I way he sincerely and Jackfully your

As Captain Reid, by virtue of the Act of Congress, conferring citizenship upon all foreigners who had served with honor in our Military service, now enjoys the fullest rights of an American Citizen born, his works are all so protected by Copyright, both in England and the United States, as to render their reproduction, by any but authorized parties, impossible; hence, to the Saturday Journal alone must his vast audience of admirers, old and young, look for this truly noble work, which the author says will be one of the best of all his productions.

Of himself, and of this new story, the author further writes:

"I return to my work with something of my old-time spirit and vigor. My long illness, while it rendered me helpless as a child, has left me unscathed mentally; and with my now rapidly-growing physical strength, I take up my pen with a zest which I never expected again would control me. I write this new serial with singular interest in the subject; I feel once more the wild, free life of the plains and prairies; and, if I have pleased my friends in my former works, in this I shall, I think, answer all expectations which you may excite concerning it."

The story will be given in liberal installments, from the author's own manuscript; will be beautifully illustrated; and, altogether, will be one of the pleasantest literary features of the year.

trapper or hunter of wild-horses
—had been struck down by the cruel savage, afterward scalped

and decapitated.

But this head, if head it be, is not scalped. On the contrary, it still carries its hair, a fine cheve-

ture, curled and profuse. Nor is it lying along the ground, as it naturally would, when flung down after being cut off. No. It stands or sits erect upon the soil, its chin almost touching the surface—square as if still upon the shoulders from which it must have been taken. With cheeks pale or blood-be-daubed, and eyes closed or glassy, this, the position, would not surprise, much less astonish. But there is neither pallor nor blood-stain on the cheeks; and the eyes are not closed, not glassy. No, they are glancing, they are glaring, they are rolling. By heavens, the head is aline!

No wonder the wolves start back in affright; no wonder the vultures, after swooping close, ply their wings in quick strokes,

and soar off again.

The strange thing puzzles both, and baffles their concupis-

Still know they, or seem to think, 'tis flesh and blood. Eye and instinct tell them this; they can not be deceived by both. And living flesh it must be. A death's head could not flash its eyes, and cause them to turn in their sockets.

But the predatory creatures have other evidences of its being alive. At intervals the head opened its mouth, showing two rows of white teeth, from be-tween which comes a cry, sure to drive off the plumed and hairy assailants—sending them

afar.
This cry is only put forth when they approach too threatningly near.
For a time it keeps them at bay. It has done so for a half-

score of hours, most part of a Texan summer day.

Twilight comes on, spreading its purple tints over the prairie. Still there is no change in the attitude of the assailed or assail-

There is yet light enough to show the flash of those fiery eyes, whose menacing expression, by some mysterious power, perhaps electricity, keep both beast and bird at bay. When it seems in danger of failing, the ery is again put forth, sending the wolves far off over the ground, and the vultures high up

toward heaven.
On a Texan prairie, twilight is short. There are no mountains or high hills intervening; no obliquity in the sun's diurnal course, to lengthen out the day. When the golden orb sinks be-hind the western horizon, a short-lived light of purplish-gray color succeeds; then night.

This last descended upon the prairie we have spoken of, and the scene we have described: the head of a man set square upon the surface of the earth, with eyes in it that could scintillate and see; a mouth capable of opening to show teeth; a throat from which came cries evidently of human intonation; around this object of strange, almost supernatural aspect, a group of gaunt gray wolves, and over it a flock of black vul-

The closing down of the night caused a change in the tableau. The birds, obedient to their customary habit—not nocturnal took their departure from the spot, winging their way to some well-known roosting-place.

The wolves, on the contrary, stayed. For these, night was prowling, cowardly instincts. Under its darkness they might have more hopes of at length devouring that spherical-shaped thing—seemingly a man's head—that, by shouts and scowling glances, had so long kept them at bay.

To their discomfiture, twilight was instantly succeeded by a magnificent moon, whose silvery effulgence shed a light over the prairie almost equaling that of day.

It showed the eyes still angrily glancing, while the deep, nocturnal stillness rendered the cry that came from the lips to the wolves

more fear-inspiring than ever.

A human head, without body attached, standing upright on the plain, in the moonlight magnified to the dimensions of the Sphynx! Around it a group of gaunt wolves, from the same cause, so increased in size as to appear like Canadian stags!

In truth, a singular tableau, one full of weird and wonderful mystery. Who can explain it?

CHAPTER II.

TWO SORTS OF SLAVE-OWNERS.

In the old slave-owning times of the Southern States—happily now no more— there was much grievance to humanity; oppression upon the one side, and suffering upon the other. It is true that the majority of the slave-proprietors were humane men some of them even philanthropic, in their way, and inclined toward giving to the un-holy institution a color of patriarchism.

The idea—delusive, as intended to delude—is old as slavery itself; at the same time, modern as Mormonism, where it has had its latest and correctest illustration.

Though it can not be denied that slavery the Southern States was, in many in stances, of a mild type, neither can it be questioned that there were cases of lamentable oppression. There were slave-owners who were kind, and slave-owners who were

Not far from the town of Natchez, in the State of Mississippi, dwelt two planters whose lives illustrated the extremes of these two types. Though their estates lay adjacent, their characters were as opposite as could well be conceived, in the scale of man-hood and morality. Colonel Archibald Armstrong, a true Southerner of the old Virginian aristocracy, who had entered Mississippi when the Choctaw Indians evacuated was a model of the kind slave-master; while Ephraim Darke, a New-Englander, who had moved thither at a much later period, was an equally true example of the

cruel class.

Coming from the New-England States, sprung from the Puritans, a people whose descendants have made both profession and sacrifice in the cause of negro-emancipa-tion, this may seem strange. It is, however, a common tale, which no traveler through the Southern States could help hearing.

Every day he will be told that the hardest task-master of the slave was either one who had been a slave himself, or a descendant of the Pilgrim Fathers, who landed on Plymouth Rock.

Having a respect for many points in the character of these same Pilgrim Fathers, we would fain believe the accusation untrue, and that Ephraim Darke was an exception. In his case, there was no falsehood whatever. Throughout the Mississippi Valley, there was nothing more vile than his treatment of the black bondsmen, whose poor lot it was to have him for their

Around his courts, and in his cotton-fields, the crack of the whip was heard almost continually, its thong sharply felt by the sable-skinned victims of his caprice or

The "cow-hide" was constantly carried by himself, his son, and overseer. None of the three ever went abroad without that pliant, painted switch—a very emblem of devilish cruelty—in their hands; nor came home without having used it in the castigation of some unfortunate "darky," whose evil star had thrown him in their track, as they made the rounds of the plantation. It was the very reverse with his neighbor

Archibald Armstrong, whose negroes never went to bed without a prayer upon their lips, that said "God bress de good massa, while the poor, whipped bondsmen of Ephraim Darke, their backs still smarting from the lash, nightly laid down, not al-ways to sleep, but always with curses on

Alas! the old story of like cause, bringing about like result, is what we must chronicle in this case.

The man of the devil prospered, while he of God decayed. Colonel Armstrong, open-hearted, generous, indulging in a pro fuse hospitality, lived beyond the income accruing from the profit of his cotton-fields. In time he became the debtor of Ephraim Darke, who lived far within his. There was no close intimacy, or even

much friendship between the two men. The proud Southerner—come of an old Scotch Highland family-gentry in the colonial times—felt some contempt for his neighbor, a descendant of the Mayflower passengers. For all that, he had not been above accept ing a loan from him, which Darke had been as eager to give. The latter had long coveted Armstrong's estate, and knew that a mortgage deed is the first entering of the wedge; in time pretty sure to bring about the possession of the fee-simple

So stood things between Ephraim Darke and Colonel Archibald Armstrong. The former had determined on becoming the owner of both plantations; while the affairs of the latter, gradually growing desperate, had at length reached a point that promised Ephraim Darke an easy comple tion of his scheme. His debtor had fallen far behind in the payment of interest; the mortgage could at any moment be foreclosed; Colonel Armstrong was in danger

of losing his plantation. At this crisis arose a circumstance that might modify, if not altogether defeat, the design of Ephraim Darke. He had a son approaching manhood; by name, Richard by nature resembling himself; only of a still inferior type of humanity. For the grasping selfishness of the extreme Puritan is not improved by contact with the opposite extreme of Southern licentiousness; and in the character of Richard Darke, the two were about equally commingled. Meanness itself, in the matter of personal expenditure, he was at the same time of dissipated and disorderly habits; the associate of the poker-playing and cock-fighting fra-ternity of the neighborhood; one of its wildest youths, without any of those generous traits usually attached to such a reputation. He was Ephraim Darke's only son, and therefore heir-presumptive to all his property, slaves and plantations. Thoroughly in his father's confidence, he was aware of the likelihood of a proximate reversion to the slaves and plantation of his father's But, much as the youth liked money, there was something he counted still more, and this was Colonel Armstrong's

There were two of them, Helen and May, both pretty girls. Helen, the elder, was more than pretty, she was beautiful—the acknowledged belle of the neighborhood.

Richard Darke was in love with her, as much as his little heart would allow; perhaps the only unselfish passion it had ever experienced. His father sanctioned, or at all events did not oppose it; for this wild, reckless youth had gained a wonderful ascendancy over a parent, who had trained him to trickery and heartlessness equaling his own.

With the power of creditor over debtor— a mortgage that could be foreclosed at any moment, a mortgage to the full amount— difficult, indeed impossible of being trans-ferred—Ephraim Darke and his son seemed to have the vantage ground, and might dictate their own terms.

What said Archibald Armstrong and his

Let us listen to their conversation, occurring about this time. It will furnish the

CHAPTER III.

A BRACE OF BEAUTIFUL GIRLS. You do not love him, Helen?"

"Father, need you ask? Who could love that man?" "He has made proposals to you, has he

"He has." "When?"

"This morning." "I thought that was the purpose of his visit; though, at such an hour, I might have

feared its being worse."
"Worse! feared! Papa, what could you have feared?" "Never mind, my child; nothing that concerns you. Tell me, what answer did you give him?"
"Only one little word! I simply said no."

"That little word will be enough. My God! my God! what will become of us?"

"Father!" exclaimed the beautiful girl, placing her hand upon his shoulder, with a searching look into his eyes "why do you speak thus? Are you angry with me for refusing him? Surely, you would not wish me to be the wife of Richard Darke?"

"You have said that you do not love him, Helen. I know that you would not marry "Would not! I could not. He has no heart, but the heart of a villain. I would prefer death to such a husband as him."

"Enough; I must submit to my ruin."
"Ruin! Oh! tell me what is the meaning of this. There is some danger. Trust me, dear father! Let me know what it is!"

"I may well do that, since it can not be much longer a secret. There is danger; the danger of debt. Know, child, that I am in debt to the father of Richard Darke; deeply so; completely in his power. Every thing I possess, land, houses, stores, may become his at any hour-to-morrow if he will it. Nay, he is sure to will it, after hearing of that little word no. It will bring about the crisis I have been so long apprehending. Never mind! let it come. I must meet it like a man. It is for you, my dear girl, you and your sister I grieve. Ah! poor things, what a change in your prospects! Poverty, coarse fare, coarse garments to wear, and a log-cabin to live in. Henceforth that must

be your lot. I see no other."
"And, what of all that, dear father?
What care we? I for one do not; and I am sure sister will say the same. But is there no way to—"
"Release me from debt, you would say?

You need not ask that, my child. I have spent many a sleepless night over it. No, there was only that one way. I never before spoke, or even thought of entertaining it, for I knew it would not do. 1 knew, Helen, you did not love Richard Darke, and would not consent to marry him. You could not, my girl. Could you?"

Helen Armstrong did not make immediate answer. Not but that she had one in her heart ready to leap to her lips.

Marry Dick Darke! Wretch, worthless with all his riches, dissipated, wrecked in soul, craven of spirit; coward as she deemed him; marry such a man, while another man that, to her, seemed possessed of every noble quality, beauty of person, boldness of spirit, purity of heart, in short every thing that makes heroism, while this other man, too, having told her that he loved her! To such a girl it made no difference, his being poor in purse, which he was; nor would it had he been beneath her in social rank which he was not. Her answer would have been all the same. She only hesitated giv-ing it, from the thought that it might add to the anguish, at the moment, felt by her

Mistaking her sllence, and, perhaps with the specter of poverty before his mind, urg-ing him toward meanness, as it oft does the noblest natures, he said:

"Helen! could you marry him?" He meant Richard Darke. "Speak candidly," he continued, giving her time to reflect before answering. "If you think you could not be happy with Richard Darke for your husband, better it should never be! Consult your own heart, my child; and do not be swayed by me or my necessities. Say, could you marry him?"
"Papa! I have said. You have spoken of a change in our circumstances, of pover-

ty, and other ills. Let them come. For myself I care not. Only for you. But if to me the alternative were death, I tell you, dear father, I tell you—I would rather that, than be the wife of Richard Darke."

"Then his wife you shall never be. Let the subject drop; let ruin fall. Now to prepare ourselves for poverty and Texas "Texas, papa, if you will, but not pover-The wealth of affection will make you

feel richer. And in the log-cabin you speak of you will have more." On saying this, she flung herself into her father's arms, with one hand resting over his shoulder, the other placed carressingly upon

The door opened. Another entered the room—a young girl almost as fair as herself, and but little younger. "Not only my affection," she cried out at sight of the new-comer, "but that of

May as well. Won't he, sister?"

May, wondering what it was all about, nevertheless saw that something was wanted. She had caught the word affection, at the same time observing the troubled expression upon her father's face. This, with her sister's attitude, decided her; and, springing lightly forward, in another instant

she was clinging to the opposite shoulder of papa, one hand also placed gently upon his head. So placed, the three figures composed a striking picture, worthy of an artist. The white-haired, white-mustached colonel—

veteran of more than one campaign, in the center. On each side a lovely girl twining alabaster arms around his neck; and, yet the two as different as if there had been no kinship between them, Helen, of gipsy darkness, May, fair as the Cyprian Venus.

It would have been a pleasing tableau to

one who knew nothing of what had caused it, or, even knowing this, to him truly comprehending it.

For in the faces of all three there was affection that bespoke well for the future, and showed no distrustful fear, either of poverty or Texas.

CHAPTER IV.

JUPE AND JULE.

EPHRAIM DARKE's harsh treatment of his slaves had the usual effect. It caused them occasionally to "abscond." Then it became necessary to insert an advertisement in the county newspaper, offering reward for the runaways.

This cruelty proved expensive. In planter Darke's case, however, the cost was parter Darke's case, however, the cost was par-tially recouped by the activity of his son. Dick was a noted nigger-catcher, and kept dogs for the especial purpose. He had a natural penchant for this kind of chase; and, having little else to do, passed a good deal of his time scouting the country

in pursuit of his father's advertised runa

Having caught them, he elaimed the reward, just the same as if they had belonged to a stranger. His father paid it without grudge or grumbling; perhaps the only dis bursement he ever made in this wise. I was like taking out of one pocket to put into the other. Besides, he was rather proud of his son's acquitting himself so shrewdly. Skirting the two plantations, with others

in the same line of settlements, was a cy-press. It extended along the edge of the great river, covering an area of many square miles. Besides being a swamp, it was a net-work of creeks, bayous, and lagoons; often work of creeks, bayous, and lagoons; often undulated, and only passable by means of a skiff or canoe; in other places, a slough of soft mud, where man might not tread, nor any kind of water-craft make way. Over it, at all times, hung the obscurity of twilight, in places more resembling night. The solar rays, however bright above, could not penetrate the thick canopy of cypress-tops, loaded with that strangest of parasitical

plants, the till au dria ses neoides.

This track of forest offered cover for the concealment of runaway slaves; and as such was it noted throughout the neighborhood. A darky absconding, from the remotest corner of the country, was as sure to seek it as a chased rabbit would run to its warren.

Somber and gloomly though it was, around its edges was the favorite roaming-ground of Richard Darke. To him the cypress swamp was a preserve, as a coppice to the pheasant-shooter, or scrub-wood to the hunter of foxes; with the difference, that his game was human, and therefore the

chase of it more exciting.

There were places in the swamp to which he had never penetrated; large tracts un-explored, and where explorations could not be made without much difficulty. This was not absolutely necessary. The slaves who sought asylum there could not always remain within its gloomy recesses.

Food must be obtained beyond its borders

or starvation would be their fate. For this reason, the refugee must needs have some mode of communicating with the outside world—usually, by means of a confederate
—some old friend, or fellow-slave upon the adjacent plantations, privy to the secret of his hiding-place.

It was this necessity on which Dick

Darke most depended—having often found the stalk—or "still-hunt," in backwood phraseology—more successful than a pursuit with trained dogs.

About a month after his rejection by

Helen Armstrong, he was out upon a chase along the edge of the cypress swamp. Rather should it be called a search; since he had found no trace of the game that had tempted him forth. As usual, this was human—a fugitive negro, one of the best field-hands belonging to his father's plantation, who had absconded and could not be

For several weeks, Jupiter—as the run-away was called—had been missing; and his description, with the reward attached, had appeared in the county newspapers. Richard Darke, being suspicious that he was still somewhere in the swamp, had made several excursions thither, in the hope of coming upon his tracks. But "Jupe" was an astute fellow, and had hitherto continued to learner size that we had a little to learner size that we had a little to learner size that we had a little to learner size that we had a learner size that the size of to leave no sign that would contribute either to his discovery or capture.

Darke was returning home after an un-successful stalk, in any thing but a pleasant mood. It was not so much from having failed in his hunt after the missing slave That was but a matter of money, and, a he had plenty, that disappointment could be borne. It was the thought of Helen Armstrong-his scorned suit, and blighted love prospects—that gave the dark color to his

He had left the swamp far behind, and was wending his way through a track of woodland, which separated his father's plantation from that of Colonel Armstrong when he saw something that promised re lief to his perturbed spirit. It was a girl coming through the trees.

She was not Helen Armstrong. He did not for a moment suppose it was she. Not likely, in such a solitary place, so far from the plantation-house. But, if not the young lady herself, it was her waiting-maid-a mulatto wench named Julia.

Dick Darke knew the girl at a glance even in the far distance, and under the dim shadow of the trees.

"Thank God for the devil's luck!" he muttered, as the mulatto came in sight. "She's Jupiter's sweetheart, his Juno, or Loda, or whatever he may call her. No doubt about her being on the way to keep an appointment with him. Good! If I mistake not, I shall be present at the interview Two hundred dollars reward for old Jupe and the fun of giving the d—d nigger a good hiding, once I get him home. Keep on, Jule, my girl; you'll track him up for me, better than all the blood-hounds in Mis-

While making this soliloquy, the negro catcher withdrew himself behind a bush; and, concealed by the thick foliage, kept his eye upon the girl, still wending her way among the trees.

There was no path; and she was evidently proceeding by stealth—both giving color to her being on the errand he suspected, Indeed, he had no doubt of it. She was on the way to an interview with Jupe; and

Darke felt certain of soon discovering, and,

of course, securing the fugitive.

sufficient cover between himself and her.
It was not long before she came to a stop

When the girl had passed the place of his concealment, which she soon after did, he slipped out from the trees, and followed with stealthly tread, taking care to keep

It was not long before she came to a stop—under a grand magnolia, whose spreading branches, with their large laurel-like leaves, shadowed a vast circumference of ground. Darke, who had now taken stand behind a tree-trunk, had a full view of her movements, and watched them with eager eyes. Two hundred dollars at stake—two hundred for himself—fifteen hundred for his father, Jupe's market value—no wonder he was on the alert.

Jupe's market value—no wonder he was on the alert.

What was his astonishment, on seeing the girl take a letter from her pocket; and, standing on tip-toe, deposit it in a knot-hole of the magnolia!

This done, she turned her back upon the tree; and, without staying an instant longer under its shadow, started off toward Colonel Armstrone's house—evidently going

nel Armstrong's house - evidently going home again. The negro-catcher was not only surprised,

but chargrined. A double disappointment. The anticipation of earning two hundred dallars, and giving Jupe the lash—both pleasant—both foiled! Still remaining concealed, he permitted

the girl to go, not moving till she was clear out of sight. There might be some secret in the letter that would console him? If so, it would soon be his. And it soon was his-though not to console him.

Whatever may have been the contents of that epistle, so cunningly deposited, they were of such character and meaning, that Dick Darke, after reading it, reeled like a drunken man; and, to save himself from falling, sought support against the tree.

After a time, recovering himself, he re-read the letter, and gazed at a picture—a carte-de-visite—which the envelop also contained.

Then came speech, low-muttered, from his lips—words of dread import—of menace, made emphatic by a fearful oath. The name of a man could be heard among

his mutterings, and as he strode away from the spot, his firm-set lips, with the angry scintillation of his eyes, told that this man was in danger.

(To be Continued.)

Border Reminiscences. Adam Poe's Great Fight.

BY RALPH RINGWOOD.

THE celebrated fight between Adam Poe and the Shawnee chief, Black Feather, has been spoken of in the histories of early Kentucky, but I believe the particulars of that combat have never been given correctly to the public.

The fight was remarkable, not only on account of the well-known prowess of the parties engaged, but for the exceeding stub-bornness with which it was conducted, and the many different phases it assumed before brought to an end.

They literally fought on the earth, in the

air, and under the water.

Adam Poe, one of the first settlers of Kentucky, had often expressed a desire to meet the chief of the Shawnees in hand-tohand combat, and these boastings having reached the ears of Black Feather, he de-clared his intention of seeking out the dar-

ing white man.

This, for two seasons, he actually did, but circumstances combined to keep them apart for that time. Finally, however, the opportunity came. Adam Poe and his brother had been out hunting, and were returning, toward sun-down, bearing a buck upon a pole between

When passing a small thicket, a shot was fired at them, the ball lodging in the head of the deer, which hung next to Adam Poe. To drop their burden, and rush for the ambush, was but the work of a second, Adam taking the right, and his brother the left-hand side

The thicket, proving much larger than either thought, they became more widely separated than was intended, and Adam was upon the point of returning to where the deer had been left, when at a distance of a bundled worked the a hundred yards or so, he discovered the gigantic form of the Shawnee chief, who vas just in the act of firing upon him. Adam had time to reach cover before the

shot was made, and then began a series of

tactics, such as were rarely witnessed in these wilds, for two of the most noted warriors of the day were each striving to gain an advantage over the other. Foot by foot they drew nearer each other, caping from tree to tree, from stump to stump, or rock to rock, as the case might be

Imperceptible to each other, perhaps, they gradually "worked" round, until both stood upon the verge of a high bluff-bank, overlooking the river, facing each other, but some twenty paces apart.

Here, from behind separate trees, the wily foemen strove to obtain a shot; and, at last, Adam, thinking he saw his chance,

ired at the exposed hip of the chief. He missed his aim, and, like an uncaged lion, the gigantic Indian rushed from his cover, and bore down upon the in no wise

daunted white man.

Half-way they met, the Indian wielding his tomahawk, having cast aside his rifle, while Adam laid his hopes and prospects upon the keen blade of his hunting-knife. With a shock they met midway, and then began a struggle such as is rarely witnessed

between two of the human kind. Poe was not quite so tall as the Shawnee, but he was fully as strong, and much more active; and so the fight was about upon an equal footing. For many minutes they struggled back

and forth upon the grassy level, now closing, in the attempt to throw each other; and, failing this, again resorting to blows, dealt with tomahawk or knife. By this time both were wounded in sever-

al places, the chief probably the more severely of the two. At length, in making a savage stroke with his weapon, the grasp of the red-skin slipped

and the light ax went whirling far out into the river. In an instant the Indian grappled, and a struggle, fiercer than any that had yet taken place, ensued—each putting forth every ef-fort, until, approaching too near the verge

of the precipice, they missed footing, and went tumbling into the stream, locked in a deadly embrace! At the point where they fell, the stream was very deep, and the current swift and

The advantage now lay with Adam. He was a practiced swimmer, while he quickly discovered that his opponent could not

discovered that his opponent could not swim at all.

The Indian, aware of this, in turn strove to regain the shore, but was thwarted at every point by Poc, who would jerk him back into deep water, and then both would go under together.

Finally, falling further out than heretofore, the combatants were caught up by the current, and quickly borne some distance from land.

The fight was now all in the white man's

from land.

The fight was now all in the white man's favor, and would have been quickly ended, but for an unlooked for and unfortunate circumstance. Adam's brother suddenly appeared upon the scene, and, taking in his weather's paril as he thought at a glance. brother's peril, as he thought, at a glance, ventured upon the hazardous experiment of finishing the chief by a shot.

The ball sped, but not truly, for it struck Adam in the shoulder, almost paralyzing the

His situation now became desperate in-He could force the Indian beneath the

current, but could not hold him there, and, seeing that his own strength was rapidly departing, he determined to try and out-wind the enemy.
With this object, he suddenly threw his

arm about the savage's neck, and together they disappeared beneath the surface. Adam's brother, standing upon the bank, unconscious of the harm he had done, wit-

unconscious of the narm he had done, when nessed this sudden disappearance in dismay.

Long he waited for the reappearance of one or the other, until, at length, becoming thoroughly alarnied, he leaped into the stream and swam for the spot.

He reached it not a moment too soon.

He reached it not a moment too soon.
Adam had "out-winded" the Indian, and,
in doing so, had nearly drowned himself.

He came feebly to the surface, and would have sunk again, but for his brother's aid.

They both reached the shore in safety, but Adam Poe never fully recovered from the terrible exertion of that fight.

The Flaming Talisman:

THE UNFULFILLED VOW.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR., AUTHOR OF "THE BLACK CRESCENT," "HOODWINK-ED," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XX. IN FOR IT!

Curiosity! thy netting power Ott leads where reason should compel us back."

CHRISTOPHER CREWLY'S pursuit of the barouche was unobserved by Orle Deice.

The driver turned his horses in at the Fifteenth street gate to the Treasury Building, and continued leisurely on, past the grounds of the White House, finally emerging on Seventeenth street—Crewly like a ing on Seventeenth street-Crewly, like a

hound on scent, keeping close upon the "game" he had spotted.

The barouche turned to the left, toward

The lawyer opened his eyes wider, and wondered as he followed.

"Now, where the dogs is she leading me to? Wonder if she knows I'm on her heels

and means to spring a trap on me? If so, then, hang me if there isn't a broken head or two, before I get out of pickle!" and the way in which he grasped his umbrella plainly told that he meant business. Slowly onward went the barouche. Pres

ently it stopped before a three-story brick dwelling, whose crumbling exterior savored strongly of discomfort.

Crewly raised his umbrella—for the had fierce play upon his head, in this vicini-

ty—and, halting, composedly struck a position against a near telegraph-pole.
"Got you boxed, too!" he soliloquized, as Orle alighted and entered the house. "I'd squeal—you little vixen!—if I could learn just exactly who and what you are, and how the deuce you came to be mixed up in this little divertissement. Your party's meanderings have brought me all the way from Richmond by telegraph!—they have! And you can build a palace on my word for't, I'm going to have satisfaction. Satisfaction understand?" and he nodded his head toward the residence, as if the subject of his remarks was listening attentively to his

spoken musings. With one leg crossed, a shoulder braced against a telegraph-pole, hat on the extreme back of his head, eyes straining, and tongue in one side of his mouth, he kept close watch from beneath the edge of his um-

He had not long to wait. Orle Deice soon reappeared, and was driven off. He seemed hesitating as to whether he should continue to follow her. Then he shook his head, and exclaimed, while he wiped the perspiration from his brow. No, sir-too hot! He was about to move away, when an

idea seemed to enter his eccentric brain. Immediately turning, he walked leisurely past the house, glancing covertly up at the windows.

"Wonder if she lives there by herself, eh? All the windows shut—um!" another He had passed the house, and, looking

down along its side, saw a gate open. In a few seconds he was at the gate, and looking Then he glanced about him. No one "Rather burglarious, this," he resolved : "but, there's the kitchen, and the door is ajar, and, for a man of inquiring mind, the

emptation is mighty. Chris. Crewly-you ferret!-be careful Thus admonishing himself, he passed the gate and entered the kitchen.
Plain it was, he had determined to ex-

The room was bare of every thing; an ominous silence prevailed. His ears tingled as he listened for the slightest sound.

"Not even a rat!" he whispered, taking a survey of his surrounding. "Guess she lives alone; cooks her own meals, sleeps in the garret—rather singular circumstances, though, for one who 'sports' a barouche and livery. I think I'll-eh?

A slight, rustling noise startled him. What's that, now?"

Crewly whirled round on his heel, and poised his umbrella aloft. A dark object shot from the top of the range, and whirred past him with a scratch

and a scramble. His nerves, just then, being in a delicate condition, he jumped backward, with a half-suppressed cry—tripping over a loose plank



and falling with a crash that shook the windows. His umbrella flew one way, his hat another, and, for a second, his feet wriggled

At the same instant he heard a hasty footstep descending the stairs. Hurriedly regaing his equilibrium, he grasped up his umbrella, and darted into a convenient closet.

The comer was Meg Semper. The noise in the kitchen had reached her ears, and she came to see what caused it.

"Lord! what a beast!" thought Crewly, as he gazed at her through the keyhole. The hag did present an appearance truly fearful; her head was beginning to swell from the poisonous effects of the spider-bite—and her blear eyes were doubly red-dened and staring, in the acute pain she

"It's nothing, after all," she said, in an illhumor. "Perhaps a cat. Satan seize it!—the door's open," and she closed the door as she spoke.

Yes, ma'am," acquiesced Crewly, under his breath; "a cat—and it was a a big black cat, a mischievous cat, a disagreeable cat, for it scared me considerable. Now, I wonder where such a picturesque devil as you ever landed from? You're the ugliest piece of humanity I ever set eyes on—Bengal, ele-phant or pole-cat not barred! Eh! What's she doing now?"

Meg Semper had caught sight of the law-yer's hat, which lay where it had fallen, in

With a spiteful kick she sent it whizzing across the apartment.

"My poor hat!—cost five dollars, three years ago," groaned Crewly, within himself, as he saw the article demolished.

"There has been an intruder here," muttered the hag, as she glanced about the empty kitchen; but, she added, almost immediately: "Whoever it was, they must be gone at my coming

"Thank you," breathed Crewly, with relief, for he feared that she would commence a search, in which event discovery was in-Suddenly a new, strange expression came

upon Meg Semper's wolf-like face; her eyes glittered with a devilish fire. 'Look at her!" exclaimed the lawyer,

sotto voce, nearly tumbling forward and betraying himself in his eagerness to see. She was looking toward the door leading through the house, as if to make sure that no one was near. Her breath hissed through her shriveled lips; slowly she drew

from her pocket a steel ring.

To the ring was attached a piece of string, and by the string she held it off from her, contemplating it with a peculiar gaze. Another glance toward the door; then she produced the long, sharp knife she in-

variably carried about her person.

"A lunatic, as sure as sin!" commented Crewly, while his hair raised a little. she finds me out, she'll try to puncture my jugular vein! I'll have to fight like mad-

and I will! skin me if I don't! What is she going to do with that ring?" Meg Semper went to a far side of the room, and suspended the ring from a nail. Carefully steadying it, she retired several

steps, muttering:
"Yes, I'll do it!—I'll do it! And I'll do
it this very night, too! No more of the curst Talisman-no more thwarting when I have Reginald Darnley at my knife-point! One good thrust will be a stroke toward avenging my daughter's wrongs! It will be Mervin Darnley next! Both shall die!— and die soon! Orle Deice, you'll no more come between me and the fulfillment of my oath! I swore to stand by you, and you swore to stay with me till death parted us! -but, you've crossed me"-hissingly-"and no one shall cross Meg Semper. The It prevents me keeping my oath to my injured child! And I'm going to banish it.

Bless me! she's going to kill somebody," thought the wondering lawyer. What Talisman? What does she mean by that? Look

The hag had turned her face away from the ring on the wall, and now she was grad-ually backing toward it, grasping the knife firmly, and holding her arm stiff at her

"I haven't forgotten how to strike; nono—but it's been a long time since I practiced. If I can hit the center—" quick as a flash of lightning she whirled about, and the gleaning blade hissed through the air. It struck the very center of the ring, buryitself deep in the hard plank. A look of devilish satisfaction settled

upon her swarthy features. No, I've not forgotten! That ring is your heart, Orle Deice !- your heart, I say, And as the knife pierced the plank, so shall t pierce your bosom this night! You're doomed-ha! Devils a-loose! my head! She clapped her hands to her temples, as a sudden pain there wrung a cry from her

The poison from the bite was circulating rapidly in her heated veins; her head was swelling larger each moment.

When she had calmed herself, she recovered the knife, and repeated the experiment with the ring. Twice, thrice she went through the significant programme, and at every blow the knife-point struck the

Well, Meg Semper, what mummery is this?

Nemil had silently approached, and was viewing her actions from the doorway. 'It is no business of yours; so begone." "You'll find me as surly as yourself, if you chose to make me so," growled Nemil, not satisfied with her words. "Tell me

what you are practicing? What means Best leave me alone !" returned the hag, snappishly, the unexpected interruption and the pain in her head combining to aug-

ment her savage humor. Just then there was a noise in the closet. The lawyer had, in his desire to get a good ok at the African, stepped on some utensil which rattled and scraped beneath his

In a moment Meg Semper sprung forward

"Now, then, hang it ! here's the devil to pay!" he exclaimed, as he clutched his umbrella determinedly.

He frowned, and gathered his energies for a desperate encounter, for he fully realized that he had to deal with two blood-thirsty

> CHAPTER XXI. A STRANGE MEETING.

"Out of my sight, thou serpent!"

-MILTON. REGINALD DARNLEY paced his room with thoughtful strides. His brow was knit in a closing remark.

frown, his teeth hard set, and in the flashing glance of his eyes was something that told of stern mental resolve.

It was near five o'clock when a rap at the loor aroused him. Gerard Henricq entered, smiling, rubbing his hands together and bowing. The change in his victim at once struck him, and though he marveled, he said: "Ah, Mr. Darnley, you look better than you did."

"Do I?" returned Reginald, bluntly while he eyed the other steadfastly. "Oh, very much; very much; and, be-lieve me, I am glad to remark it."

"Why, yes; it made me feel bad to see you so wholly given to melancholy." "I doubt it. To the contrary, I think you

regret this change."
"What!" in a reproachful tone; "think I was pleased in seeing you miserable? Why, what could introduce such folly into your ideas? I assure you, this discardment of your gloomy face is very pleasant to me, very; though I can not guess at its cause;" the last with a faint accent of inquiry.

He had come to note the effect of Orle's visit. He knew, when he gave her Reginald's address, that she would seek the young man at any This while it kindled fresh

man at once. This, while it kindled fresh flames of jealousy and hatred, he could not prevent. He was eager to ascertain in what pirits his victim would be, after being interviewed by the party who, to all appearinces, had caused him so much trouble tablished the basis of his entanglement within the horrible meshes of murder—so eager, that he could not bide his time till

Reginald's reception was enigmatical. "Gerard Henricq, what brings you here?" The young man was regarding him with a searching look, one which the old villain strove in vain to read.

What brings me here? What a ques tion! Are we not so closely allied, that the society of one is necessary to the other? This was spoken with emphasis. "Perhaps," returned Reginald, while a peculiar expression swept over his features, and his lips curled. 'Perhaps! Ay, but there's no doubt of

"You are conceited." "And you are too bold," retorted the oily voice, significantly.

You talk as if you thought I feared you,' Gerard Henricq was growing more per-

"Do not forget, Reginald Darnley," he said, with a slight sternness, "that you are a murderer |—a penniless outcast and murderer who, but for me, would now be begging for bread in the streets of Rich— ha!

what would you?"

Reginald had him by the throat. Tightly, mercilessly pressed those fingers; and the young man's face was scarlet as he cried

"Villain! Wretch! Vile serpent, and would be destroyer of my soul!—take back—unsay those words! Take them back, I say, or, by the Heaven above me, I'll strangle out your life!"—tighter—tighter closed the fingers.

"Reginald!-Mr. Darnley-you are choking me!" gasped Henricq, with difficulty.
Reginald was mad with passion. The blue
veins stood out upon his forehead like cords,
and his strength, naturally great, was doubled by the excitement of rage. His blood was fevered by the other's words, which cut

"Poisonous snake that you are! will you unsay those words? You charge me with murder? By Heaven! my crime shall be doubled—" him like a knife.

Don't kill me!" sputtered the old man, white with fear, as he struggled for breath in that frenzied hold.

Suddenly, Reginald released him, and he staggered back, dizzily.
"There!" said the young man, calming himself; "I regret that I sullied my hands

with touching you. But, have a care, Gerard Henricq"—in a meaning, half-fierce tone tempt me too far, I'll crush out your life!

You've nearly killed me!" brokenly articulated Henricq, as he held to a chair and panted for breath.

The world would have lost nothing had I done so," said Reginald, in contempt.
"But you amaze me! What can you "I mean, that it is dangerous for you to

You disgust me with your be near me. bland voice and hypocritical professions—I hate sight of you? You are a venomous reptile! There is some object hidden beath your disinterested exterior, which has been the incentive to all you have done. know this; I read it plainly, now that I am myself again. I repeat, you are not safe within reach of my hands! Begone!"

"Dangerous to be near you?" and the eyes behind the spectacles were glittering like the orbs of a snake when about to

Yes; so be warned." "You forget, when you say that, that my money is essential to your comfort—yes, essential to your life. If we part, how long would you exist without money? Answer

'I have all the money I want. Begone, now; leave me alone.

Gerard Henricq started as he heard this.

"All the money he wants!" he repeated, mentally. "Where did he get it? Who is his new banker? Ha! can it be, Orle Deice has won him to her again, and him the strings to her purse? 'Sdeath! was I so far wrong in my conclusions as to the result of their interview?" Then aloud: May I ask whence comes this new sup-

"You are playful," with a half sneer.

"You are playful," with a half sneer. "Then it is the play of the tiger," Reginds said, quickly; "so, he careful that you

ald said, quickly; "so, be careful that you are not bitten while encouraging it."

"What if I expose you, Reginald Darnley? What if I set the blood-hounds of the law upon your track, and say to them: 'There is the murderer of Mervin Darnley!" and his eyes fired with a malicious

An indefinable look settled on Reginald's The blood mounted to his temples Again the frenzy of passion was heating his

Gerard Henricq saw this, and, fearing a repetition of the strangling-scene, he said,

"But, I shan't do that; no, I am too good a friend of yours, to think of doing it. You are in a bad state of mind this afternoon, for all you look better; and you'll regret it, some time—I mean when you think more over it." There was a significance in his

It evidently required a great effort to speak calmly, as he did; he was smothering some terrible feeling in his breast.

Reginald vouchsafed no rejoinder. He crossed over to the window and gazed out upon the street. "I am going, Mr. Darnley."
The young man muttered some inaudible

words in reply.

Shaking his fist toward his rebellious dupe, Gerard Henricq withdrew, gritting

As he hurried from the house, he hissed, in an undertone:

"It were better had I not striven to revive his spirits—curse him! He would cast me off, now that something has transpired to make him independent in pocket. And what is that something?—who? Is it Orle Deice? Satan! how that girl sticks to him; when he cares nothing for her, and I would sacrifice an arm to possess her! He! h—a! he called me 'serpent!' And so I am! I've not done biting yet, either, Reginald Darnley! This scar upon my cheek still smarts a little! I shall wait no longer! I'll have my revenge! The detectives will be on your track within twenty-four hours! Ha! Ha! Then you'll find out how much more the 'serpent' can bite!'

Reginald saw the form of his tempter

moving away along the street, and a meaning smile wreathed the corners of his mouth

as he looked after him. "How near I came to choking out his miserable life. His words stung me to the quick; and when he uttered them, he little dreamed that I no longer feared him or his threats. He will not confront me with any more such reminders, I guess. Your coils and webs are thrown off, Gerard Henricq. Your victim is now the master. You are

dealing with a Darnley!"

He had promised to call upon Orle at eight o'clock that evening. It was with a light heart and elastic step he left the house, when the bells of St.

Aloysius were tolling seven, and turned At the corner of New York avenue and Fifteenth street, he suddenly collided with an individual who turned the corner as he

neared it. "Beg pardon, sir, I did not see you—why!" he recognized Henry Waldron.
"Your apology is accepted, sir."
"This is Mr. Waldron, is it not? We have

met before, in Richmond?" "I am making no new acquaintances, just at present," Waldron said, stiffly. Reginald regarded him for a second,

then, wheeling abruptly, he continued on.
"So," mused Waldron, gazing after him,
"it is Reginald Darnley. I wonder where he is going? Now, I am curious to know more of this man who seems tangled in my affairs lately. The lawyer's absence is un-accountable. He said he would return to the hotel very shortly, and here it is after dark. I'll follow you, Reginald Darnley," uttering the last as if it were the framing of a sudden resolution, and, with the words he began, at a safe distance, to dog Reginald's steps.

> CHAPTER XXII. THE SILENT WARNING. "The heart alone
> Is Pity's dearest, holiest throne,
> And when the tale of woo she hears,
> Her softest answer is in tears,"—DALE.

"A troubled, dreamy maze
Of some unearthly horror * * *
Of some wild horror past, and coming woes ORLE DEICE sought Cecilia, immediately upon her return from Reginald Darnley's

'I have arranged everything," she said, as she joined her willing captive.
"Arranged every thing? What?" asked Cecilia, looking up from a novel, with

which she had been passing her time since Orle left her. The beauty drew a chair near to her, and continued: Reginald Darnley will be here this

"Yes. Would you see him?"
"Would I see him?" Cecilia repeated, in-

quiringly Would you not like to exchange a word with the man who has so cruelly deceived you?" This with a slight flavor of triumph which she could not conceal. "No," was the icy reply; "he has not yet deceived me that I know of."

But he does not love you. "You are to prove that, to-night." "And if I do prove it?"

"Then, he is nothing to me. I would not wed a man whose love is divided." Orle's dark eyes lighted with pleasure—with satisfaction. She knew she could prove that Reginald's love was hers. "He will be here at eight o'clock," she said. "I will have it so that you may hear

every word of our conversation For over an hour they talked of trivial matters. Orle sought to entertain her rival pleasantly. She was now confident that no further obstacle would arise to her undis-

puted right to Reginald's affection It is strange how a woman will, some-times, center the softest feelings of her heart upon a man who discourages it in every way, and is, really, not deserving of such abiding love—holding fast in that ardent passion through ills, crosses and deyet, such cases are not so very rare, and it is a common occurrence, in an equal zest, among the sterner sex.

To a woman of passionate impulses, like Orle Deice, the retention of Reginald was a riumph. Its unmaidenly features did not appear to her as indelicate as an exacting society" might denounce them. She loved; and that love, once set, was as a mighty rock, against which the coldest tide or direst blast could accomplish naught; it remained immovable, and gathered fresh strength with every moment of existence. You were to tell me something of your-

said Cecilia, after a pause, during which Orle gazed down at the carpet. "Of myself?" absently. "You remember, you were telling me why

this woman, Margaret Semper, so hated Reginald Darnley, and why that hatred ex-tended toward me—the fearful death-bed oath," shuddering as she recalled what Orle Deice had told her in the forenoon. But Cecilia was curious to know more of

the dark mystery which the beauty had partly unfolded to her. I asked you what there was about the Talisman? You know you said it had pre-served his life?"

Yes, it has," thoughtfully. "When Meg Semper, mother of the Creole, swore ven-geance for the supposed wrongs of her child, the Talisman was given me-"And how happened you there? Why

were you involved?" interrupted Cecilia.

"Ah, yes: I'll explain. You wanted to know who I was?" "Yes," in a tone that bespoke a great and

increasing interest in her companion. Orle smiled sadly.

"I can tell you that, in a few words—I don't know who I am!" Cecilia looked at her in surprise; and she

"I have no recollection of a father or mother. I only know that, from the time I was old enough to remember any thing, I was with the discarded wife of Mervin Darnley, who tenderly cared for me. She often told me, though, that she was not my mother; and, if she did know aught of my parents, I guess the knowledge died with her. She had money of her own, when she died, and a portion of it was appropriated to my education. You know as much of my identity, now, as I do."

"And are you happy?" asked Cecilia softly. "Do you not yearn for a brother, or

"Oh, yes," broke in Orle, and her mind seemed to be wandering back over the mazy past, with its uncertainties and mysteries regarding her life; "I often long for the surrounding you name.'

Then, Orle, come and live with me." Cecilia spoke in a low, tremulous voice; the dew of tears glistened in her sweet, blue eves: her loving heart was open in an ab sorbing sympathy, a sister-like interest in this strange, beautiful girl. Was it pity for one who knew not father, mother, brother, or sister, with all the joys of their protect-

ing love?

'" Come and live with me," she repeated.

"We will be sisters—we will love each other, dearly."

Orle, too, was not without a warm emotion at this offer; but, forcing back the weird influence of the other's words, she

"No, no; you forget, I have other plans for my future. I know that you are sincere: I know that we could be very happy to-gether, despite the fact of our rivalry; but, you know I am to marry Reginald, soot and our home will be far, far from here,"-her dark orbs sparkling with a glad light.

"And, even putting that outside," she added, "there exists a bond between Meg Semper and myself, which will not permit

separation."
"A bond?" "Yes; an oath-pledge given at the bed-side of a dying woman. When the Creole was breathing her last, she made Meg Semper and I solemnly swear always to remain together. I disliked Meg; but the Creole had ever been kind to me—and, I think, she loved me dearly—so, I gave the promise. The hatred of these two women, toward the Darnleys, was intense. Meg Semper vowed she would destroy the whole line, child and all. But, in this vowing, she had to make

'An exception ?" "Yes; for the Creole had another child shortly after the estrangement. The child, she loved, although it was a Darnley—and it was excepted in the oath of vendetta."

'Is that child alive?'

"You have seen him. He does not bear the name of Darnley."
"What is his name?" "When I say you have seen him, I mean I think you have. He was, lately, Reginald Darnley's valet."

"The man called Herwin Reese!" exclaimed Cecilia, in astonishment.
"It is he."

"And does he know, that the one he served, is his own brother?"

"He does not. I only learned it under solemn promise of secrecy—and I shall consider that you are likewise bound. Don't ever breathe any thing of what I have dis-

"You have my promis "Let us say no more of him. You wanted to know about the Talisman?" Yes. Tell me what it means. How has

it preserved Reginald's life?" When the oath was registered, to exterminate the Darnleys, something—I know not what—prompted me to intercede in behalf of the intended victims. I was but a little child, yet I found eloquence to plead, and I remember well, with what earnest ness I strove to persuade them from the bloody scheme. They were too resolute, however, to be deterred from their purpose by my prayers. The Creole cherished a deep love for me, the little waif who was destined to be independent through her bounty, and it was a whim of hers to please me, in

some way, though she could not grant my request to spare the lives-

Orie Deice was interrupted by a knock at the door. "Come in," she answered, in a voice indicative of displeasure at the intrusion.

It was Meg Semper. She bore a large tray, on which was spread a light, tempting

repast.
"It's near luncheon," she said, with a sullen accent; "and I've brought that miss

her supper.' Orle was struck with surprise as she noticed the swollen condition of Meg Semper's head. The blear eyes were half-closed, and burned with a strange, unearthly look; and her countenance, of repulsive ugliness, was disfigured by a severe cut which extended s the mouth, from nose to chin.

"Meg, what ails your head?"
Slowly the hag raised her gaze to the speaker. Orle felt an involuntary shiver in her veins as she marked the fierce gleam in those bloodshot orbs; and a singular twitching was about the corners of the shriveled

"What ails your head?" repeated the beauty, breathlessly, while Cecilia looked on,

"Poison!" said Meg, huskily.
"Poison! How—what mean you?"
"A nasty spider!—it bit me! See! I'm Soon, I shall burst! I'm goswelling up. Soon, I shall burst! I'm going mad, I think—mad!" she was staring idiotically, her voice sunk to a choked, hissing whisper.
"And that cut across your face?—how

A peculiar grin, savage and significant, settled on the distorted visage, and the gleaming eyes seemed to shoot out sparks;

but, there was no reply. Orle arose. She was beginning to feel uneasy. Meg Semper's actions mystified her, and boded something ill.

At that instant, the beauty's attention was attracted toward the door. Nemil stood there. A meaning look was upon his black face; one hand was raised aloft, while the forefinger of the other was

placed to his thick lips.

His attitude contained a silent warning; and Orle Deice, with her eyes riveted upon him, stood, spell-bound. (To be continued-commenced in No. 90.)

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NEW YORK, JANUARY 20, 1872.

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CAPTAIN MAYNE REID'S NEW SERIAL,

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THE LAST SHOT. A ROMANCE OF THE CROSS TIMBERS,

commences in this issue of the SATURDAY STAR Journal, elegantly illustrated, with designs expressly prepared for this Masterpiece of the Great Story Writer, whose "Scalp Hunters," etc., etc., are conceded to be the finest Romances of Border Life in American Literature.

Our Arm-Chair.

Who Wrote "Beautiful Snow?"-Adverting to our recent reference to the much-disputed authorship of this much-overrated poem, we have the following letter from a vell-known author and journalist, who knows

of what he speaks: "The poem, 'Beautiful Snow,' was written by Henry W. Faxon, when he was local editor of the Buffalo Republic. I knew him well, and saw the poem when it first appeared. It passed, with many other good poems, into the limbo of forgotten things, until it was revived and claimed by Sigourney, Watson, Dora Shaw and others. I am as certain of the authorship, at least, as I am that Bryant wrote Thanatopsis. I could not be more certain of it, un-

less I had seen it written and put in type.
"Henry W. Faxon was a man of genius. Don't you remember his Silver Lake Serpent hoax, which created such an excitement in western New York? That was a stroke of genius. He was always throw-

ing off something of the kird, and caring nothing for it when it was done.

"His Beautiful Snow' is nothing like as musical as his 'Paducah,' which is forgotten; nor is it near as good a poem as his 'Click, click, go the types in the stick, which occasionally turns up in newspaper literature.

Yours truly,

"EDWARD WILLETT."

We, ourselves, knew Mr. Faxon, in the days of the old Buffalo Republic, one of the most excellent dailies ever published in the interior, and believe, with our correspondent, that Mr. Faxon is the real "original Jacobs"—first in date and first in repute of all who have pretended to father the poem. Who next?

Our New Heading.-We received from e artist, Chapman, a design for a new title head to our paper, which so fully pleased us that we adopted it at once, and with this issue it is introduced to the SATURDAY JOURNAL'S great audience. It is chaste and graceful in design, and will doubtless be regarded with We are never unwilling to adopt any change which adds to the beauty and interest of our paper.

Capt. Mayne Reid's Portrait.-A is literally a Household Word, will grace our next issue. It is from a photograph sent us from London, by the Cantain taken by one of the most distinguished of foreign photographand engraved in Orr's best manner Readers will thus see the great romance writer as he now is. It will be a portrait worthy of preservation.

To the Press .- To introduce the SATUR-DAY JOURNAL still more thoroughly into American Homes, we open our list to our friends of the press, for clubbing with their own papers, and will be happy to have editors and publishers receive subscriptions for us in connection with their publications, viz.: we receiving two dollars as our share of the combined subscription.

Announcing this clubbing arrangement will essentially aid many papers to a good local circulation, in view of the recognized character and popularity of the SATURDAY JOURNAL and we will be ready to respond promptly to all orders through our friends of the press on receipt of the sum named, for each subscrip-

A Popular Paper.—The SATURDAY JOUR uridea of what a popular paper should be. Pure in tone, varied in its literary features and excellent in quality, we have dered the paper a favorite in homes and fami lies to a degree which has surprised those who regard "sensationalism" and ephemeral fic tion as requisites for a large circulation.

In fiction we have the best things attainable from the hands of such writers as Capt. Mayne Reid, Cousin May Carleton, Albert W. Aiken Mrs. Mary Reed Crowell, Bartley T. Ca. bell. Mrs. Elizabeth F. Ellett, Dr. Wm. Mason, Tur ner, Mrs. Jennie D. Burton, A. P. Morris, Jr. Capt. J. F. C. Adams, Capt. Chas. Howard, Roger Starbuck, Ralph Ringwood, etc., etc. almost all of whom write exclusively for us.

In Humor we have the inimitable "Fat Contributor," Washington Whitehorn, Beat Time, Joe Jot, Jr., M. T. Head, Joe King, etc., etc., all very droll, amusing, and neither vulgar nor coarse, as too much of what is called humor

In essays and sketches our list is brilliant indeed, comprising some twelve or fifteen wri ters of whom American Journalism may well

In illustrations we employ only the very best artists, designers and engravers.

In printing-paper and general arrangement we aim at fairness, clearness and beauty And can say, with great confidence, that no paper, in so brief a period, ever attained a finer reputation or a larger circulation

A New "Star."-It has been our good-fortune to secure, as a contributor to our columns hereafter, the man of no little note in the North-west, Major Max Martine, whose adventurous life and peculiar personal characteris tics have made him known from Hudson's Bay to the old Santa Fe trail. Major Martine, breaking away from the East, some years ago,

entered upon a reckless quest of excitement in the North-west Hunting and Trapping Grounds, and was, successively, Hudson's Bay Fur Company employee, Free Trapper, Indian-fighter, Captive and then a chief of the Teton-Sioux, with whom he remained three years. Finally abandoning his wild, adventurous career, he has returned to civilized life and habits, and, with a rare fund of information, promises to become an entrancing story-teller.

We already have several things from his hands-among which are various sketches of Indians, Hunting and Trapping in the great North Wilderness and the Plains; but hope, ere long, to present a succinct and correct account of his own strange experiences. Readers will then see what a treat they have in

To Postmasters.-In this issue is commericed the powerful and attractive romance of the South-west, from the entrancing pen of the noted CAPTAIN MAYNE REID-beyond question unequaled by any living writer in the field of our Wild Western Life and Border Adventure. Writing exclusively, in this country, for the SATURDAY JOURNAL, the numberless admirers of the great romancist will find his productions only in our columns.

This fact makes it a comparatively easy matter for postmasters to secure a list of subscribers for the SATURDAY JOURNAL, at even the smallest offices; but, to render it still more feasible, we will receive, from postmasters, two dollars as the year's subscription for any subscriber-thus giving them, as a commission, one dollar cash on each subscription of three dollars obtained by them. The subscriptions may be forwarded singly or in clubs, and the subscriber can choose any number of the paper to commence his subscription with.

A Timely Hint.—The prevalence of smallpox, in all parts of the country, is now a very disagreeable fact. In some of our large cities this loathsome disease is pronounced an epidemic, and the authorities are taking all possible precautions to arrest the spread of the

If there is no cure for the disease, when it has once fastened upon the person, there is a preventive which gives a most assured protec tion against the contagion, and that is vaccination. This is so simple and so efficacious, that it is amazing that any person should omit to adopt it; but, since many do refuse or neglect to use this protective measure, it becomes those having the public health in view to enforce the order—be ye vaccinated!

Let none of our readers delay, for a day, this duty, if they have not already performed it; and let them see to it that others, who are indifferent about the matter, are compelled to protect themselves, for by this course alone can the dangerous and disgusting disease be abated and finally exterminated.

Ralph Ringwood.-We are pained to chronicle the recent decease of Capt. Alfred D. Hynes, the "Ralph Ringwood" who had become so dear to the readers of the SATURDAY JOURNAL. Capt. Hynes was a gentleman of wide experience in the peculiar field of our border life, and wrote with almost inimitable grace in the romance and fact of that field, as our columns will attest. Perceiving his merit, in that respect, we encouraged his work to an unlimited degree, and, as a consequence we have on hand an amount of matter from his pen almost equal in quantity to what hitherto has been used, so that though dead our readers are not likely soon to lose his unique and most admirable stories of the West.

RECOLLECTIONS OF "ARTEMUS WARD." No. I.

BY THE "FAT CONTRIBUTOR."

To the multitude of reminiscences of the genial "showman" that have been printed, I am tempted to add a few of my own re-

I first met him in Cleveland, Ohio, in the spring of 1858. I was then connected with a Buffalo paper, and, "Charley" Brown, as everybody called him, who knew him in those days, was "local" of the Cleveland Piata Dealer, a position which he had then held but a few months. He had written some sketches over the nom de plume of "Artemus Ward, the Showman," but, up to that time, nothing that had attracted much attention though his witty local columns had been the delight of his Cleveland readers.

On my arrival in Cleveland I called at the Plain Dealer office and inquired for the editor, Mr. Grey, to whom I bore a letter of introduction. A tall, slender young man, of about twenty-four years, with a smooth, thin face, whose prominent feature was high Roman nose; and very light hair that persisted in sticking straight out in all directions, stepped forward and received me with winning and unaffected cordiality, in the absence of Mr. Grey, introducing himself as the associate editor, Mr. Brown. The gravity of his countenance, when speaking, was relieved by the twinkle of the merriest of blue eyes. He had a way of saying very funny things, as if they were solemn, if not melancholy, facts, which puzzled me much until I came to know him.

Walking along Superior street together, shortly after our introduction, we pas dilapidated specimen of humanity, who had

'vagabond' written all over him.
"Now, sir," said Anemus, with a look of mingled disgust and pity, as he pointed to the miserable fellow, "you wouldn't think that wretched being was, at this moment, the wealthiest man in Cleveland?"

No!" said I, looking at the man with some interest,
"Well, he isn't," returned Artemus, with a comical pucker of the mouth, while his

yes laughed consumedly. It wasn't much of a joke, but it serves to illustrate one of his well-known peculiarities, a fondness for "guying" people, which grew upon him as his years advanced.

The first letter of Artemus Ward's that

was generally copied, was his very laughable account of "Baldinsville" celebrating the laying of the Atlantic cable. printed in the Plain Dealer, in the fall of '58 His next successful effort, printed shortly after, was descriptive of his visit to the Free Lovers of Berlin Hights. In that letter he first embellished American literature with the significant word "gush."

She is a swete, gushin' child of natur',' "'Let her gush!' I roared, loud as I cood

In the spring of 1859 I accepted a proffered editorial position on the Cleveland National Democrat, and renewed my acquaintance with Artemus.

On the first evening of my arrival, he volunteered to show me around—make me mourned his untimely death.

acquainted with the city—a very desirable achievement, as I was to fill the position of city editor. He "showed me around" so successfully that about two o'clock in the morning I began to feel almost as much at home in Cleveland as though I had lived there all my days, to say nothing of my nights. Artemus invited me to share his bed with him for the remainder of the night, and I accepted.

Adjoining his room lodged a young professor of elocution, who was endeavoring to establish a school in Cleveland. He was just starting out in the business, and was naturally anxious to propitiate the press. "Let's get the professor up," said Artemus; "and have him recite for us."

I remonstrated with him, reminded him of the lateness of the hour, that I wasn't acquainted with the professor, and all that; but to no purpose.
"He's a public man," said Ward, "and

public men are glad to meet members of the press, as restaurants are supposed to get up warm meals, at all hours." He gave a thundering rap on the door, as he shouted:

Professor-r-r !" "Who's there? What yer want?" cried a muffled voice, evidently from beneath the bed-clothes, for it was a bitter cold night in

February.
"It is I—Brown of the Plain Dealer, said Artemus, and, nudging me gently in the ribs, he whispered: "That'll fetch him. The power of the press is invincible. It is

the Archimedian hour which—"
His remarks were interrupted by the opening of the door, and I could just discern the dim outline of a shirted form shivering in

the doorway.
"Excuse me for disturbing you, professor," said Artemus, in his blandest manner, "but, I am anxious to introduce my friend here, the new 'local' of the *Democrat*. He has heard much of you, and declares positively he can't go to bed until he hears you electre."

Hears me what?" asked the professor, between his chattering teeth.

"Hears you elocute—recite—declaim— understand?—specimen of your elocution?" In vain did the professor plead the lateness of the hour, and that his fire had gone out. Artemus would accept no excuse.

"Permit me, at least," urged the professor, "to put on some clothes and light the

"Not at all necessary. Eloquence, my dear boy, is not dependant on gas. Here," (straightening up a chair he had just stumbled over) "get right up in this chair and give us, 'The boy stood on the burning deck,'" adding an aside whisper in my ear, "The burning deck will warm him up!" Gently yet firmly did Artemus boost the

reluctant professor upon the chair, protesting that no apologies were necessary for his appearance, and assuring him that "clothes don't make the man," although the shiver-ing disciple of Demosthenes and Cicero probably thought clothes would make a man

more comfortable on such a night as that.

He gave us "Casabianca," with a good many quavers of the voice, as he stood quaking in a single short, white garment; and then followed: "On Linden, when the sun was low," "Sword of Bunker Hill," sun was low," "Sword of Bunker Hill, etc., "by particular request of our friend, as Artemus said, although I was too nearly suffocated with suppressed laughter to make even a last dying request, had it been neces-sary. It was too ludicrous to depict—the professor, an indistinct white object, standing on the chair, "elocuting," as Ward had it, and we sitting on the floor, holding our sides, while A. W. would faintly whisper between his pangs of mirth, "Just hear him!" It wasn't in Ward's heart to have his fun

at the expense of another, without recompense, so next day, I remember, he published a lengthy and entirely serious account of our visit to the Professor's "rooms, spoke of his wonderful powers as an elocutionist, and expressed the satisfaction and delight with which we listened to his "un-equaled recitations!" The professor was The professor was verjoyed, and probably is ignorant to this day that Artemus was "playing it on him." I never knew a man whose sense of the ludicrous was so keen as his, and he would go to any length to gratify it. I once came

upon him at a little country inn near Cleveland, having a frolic with some old farmers whom he had fallen in with. Ward was mounted on the back of a white-haired old mare of seventy at least, and was riding a circus-act around the bar-room. The way he made that venerable mare walk, trot, run go lame, waltz, and dance the polka, was

His jokes were not always well taken. We were coming into the city, one day, from a drive, and came upon some men engaged in tying up a raft, on the Cuvahoga river. It was a hot day, and they were perspiring pro-Artemus stopped his horse, asked them, very gravely, why they didn't go and steal for a living, instead of toiling and sweating in that way. The result was he had to lash his horse into a run, in order to get away from the shower of bowlders they hurled at us

His Artemus Ward letters, which he wrote for the Plain Dealer, made his reputation, and were the best things he ever produced for the reason that they were composed as the spirit moved him, and not written order." His column of "City Items" sparkled with witty paragraphs. It was order. difficult for him to write up the most commonplace item of news without some funny conceit creeping in. I remember his para graphing an accident to a Cleveland lawyer as follows: "Our old friend Bruce met with an accident this morning. His horse took fright and ran away, and in jumping from the buggy Mr. B. suffered a sprained ankle. Bruce little thought, when he defended Cole, the Ashtabula wife-poisoner, that, in than four years from that time, would jump out of his buggy and sprain his ankle. Such is life.

I once asked Brown, (he didn't spell his name with an e in those days) what suggested his nom de plume, Artemus Ward. He said, when he was reporter on the Toledo Commercial, he reported the trial of one Ward, in that city, for murder. The parties to the trial were all a queer, ignorant set, and he said there were so many ludicrous and grotesque features to the trial, that the name of Ward became indissolubly associated in his mind with the outlandish and comical. He always considered Artemus a funny name, so he united the two and thus adopted Artemus Ward for a nom

I think Artemus left few enemies behind when, in the fall of '60, he left Cleveland for a broader field of effort; and the friends who knew him in his early days rejoiced at

Foolscap Papers.

A Call at the White House.

For a long time I had been thinking to call upon the President, and pay me his respects, but my wife could get no hired girl and I could not go. Knowing the P. would be inconsolable if I did not go, I broke the ties that held me long and started for the Conital

I wore on this occasion, my white plug hat, which was willed to me by my venerable grandfather, with the stipulation that it should be worn as long as it covered brains. I also wore the gray coat which is seen so often on the street with me in it, and took my carpet-sack, which we used when I was a boy to carry grist to the mill. There was nothing at all in the bag, but then I hold that it doesn't look genteel to travel without baggage of some kind, whether you have any thing to put in it or not; besides, a carpet-sack is good hotel currency. I was accompanied, also, with my umbrella. All these things had seen service; in fact, were veterans, very suitable for the occasion as the Previous is not for the occasion, as the President is a vet-

eran, and has seen service himself. On arriving at the White House I went to usher myself in, but was stopped by a ser-vant who stood at the door, and looked big. He asked me what I wanted, as he grabbed my arm. I knocked him down, and told him I'd tell him what I wanted when he came to. The President was seated alone at a table, writing, with a cigar in his mouth. He looked up in fifteen minutes, and said,

very feelingly:
"Sir, I'm astonished to see you!"

"My dear Mr. President, you are certainly no more astonished than I am to see "But," said he, "you didn't send your

card. "No," said I, "General; I left my deck

at home."

"Ah, I recollect now; you're the new gardener I expected this morning."

"No, no, Mr. President; I'm Whitehorn, an humble name of which you have no doubt heard of and read about when you went anywhere. What time do you dine,

"Generally at two o'clock."
"Well," said I, taking a fifty cent cigar
out of a box on the table, and reaching for the President's cigar to light it by; "well, I tried not to be too late, as I didn't want to put your wife to the trouble of getting an extra dinner. I like to be punctual, especially at the table of my friends. At my own house the latch-string is always out" (so are the victuals); and then I sat down and put my feet up on the marble mantel-piece, and they contrasted visibly with the alabaster vases beside them.

"I have a corn on that foot, General, that troubles me a great deal. I suppose you don't have them?"

"Corn? Sixty acres, sir, on my Missouri estate!" was his energetic rejoinder.
"Well, General, while we are waiting for dinner, and as I have nothing else to do in the mean time, allow me to give some of my views on some of the vexed questions of the

day. "The Alabama claims don't cover all that I would expect from England, and I would suggest some amendments for you to in-

"1st. Indemnity for the abuse of George Francis Train, who, as a free American cit-izen, was obliged to suffer mortyrdom inside of brick walls, merely for the boldness of abusing the British lion to his face. "2d. Indemnity for blowing cannon

from the Sepoys' mouths in India.
"3d. Indemnity for the unnecessary slaughter of the Prussians at the battle of

Dorking "4th. Indemnity for the murder of the King's English, and Mary queen of Scots.
"5th. The British umpire to be abolished. The kingdom to be divided in two parts, both parts to go to the United States. The money in the Bank of England to be used toward pensioning every man in the United States, irrespective of sex. The innabitants of London to be moved to New York, so as to enlarge the latter city. The British Islands to be used as a coaling station for our navy, and the B. lion to have his tail cut off. This, I believe, Mr. Presi-

dent, would equalize things a little better,

and satisfy Ben Butler's crooked eye.

By the way, my cow is the mother of a "My wife has continually been soliciting me to be a candidate for the presidency My long management of the affairs of ou community peculiarly fits me for it. My wife would be vice-president, to fill the presidential chair while I would be away and also when I would be at home. have declined, as I learn you will be out again; though, to speak the truth, General, I feel perfectly at home in the White House. How soon will dinner be ready? Tell the folks I generally have onions for dinner, al

so Rhine wine, and port without the rhine If you have some handy now, I'll—" Just here the usher announced several major-generals, but, as the President was asleep, I sent word for them to call in the

morning, two days later.
When he woke up we went to dinner where my conversation was purely diplomatic. I remarked that our cold weather caused a glorious diminution of flies; spok of the good bread my wife—gets at the ba-ker's; told them how many meals I could make a napkin last, which perfectly surprised them. After dinner I entertained the President with a two hours' talk, with much advice. He said all I had said was like pour-ing water in a rat-hole, by which he mean it all went down. I got the promise of the next paymaster's place who should graduate for the penitentiary, and left, telling the P that I wanted to get off on the next train He said he hoped I wouldn't be disappoint ed. Told him I'd call again soon.

Yours kindly WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

A BAD HABIT.

IT has been most aptly said that we, as a people, read too much, and think about what we read too little; the consequence is that most of the people we meet know something in a superficial way about almost every thing. Daniel Webster, who had a rich store of in formation on almost every subject of gene ral interest, said that it had been his habit for years to reflect for a short time on what ever he read, and so fix the thoughts and ideas worth remembering in his mind. Any one who does this will find how retentive his memory will become, and how long after reading an interesting article the best portions of it will remain with him.

Readers and Contributors.

To Correspondents and Authors.—No MSS, received that are To Correspondents and Authors.—No MSS, received that are not fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS, preserved for future orders.—The author of the MS, promptly returned only where stamps accompany the inclosure, for such return.—Book MS, postage is two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, but must be marked Book Ms., and be sealed in wrappers with open end, in order to pass the mails at "Book rates."—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked as "Book MS.,"—MSS, which are imperfect are not used or wanted. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit or fitness; escond, upon excellence of MS, as "copy;" third, length. Of two MSS, of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note size paper as most convenient to editor and compositor, tearing off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it its folio or page number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. Mmy MSS, unavailable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and popular writers will find a ever ready to give their offerings early attention.—Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

We shall have to say no to the following contributions, viz.: "Nelly Dee:" "Dorothea Crabtree's Christmas:" "The Brakeman's Story:" "The Midnight Peril:" "How She Won Him:" "The Princess of Hearts;" "A Love Life;" "Heaven!" "My Friend. Peters;" 'In Memoriam!" "Iast Appeal:" "The Parson of Grizzly Hollow."

We put aside for use, at some future time, "Blowing Bubbles;" "Story of a Lamp-post:" "Grace Greene's Last Flirtation;" "The Romance of Great Brains Ranche;" "The Bachelor's Three Torments;" "Fie Upon You;" "Yes or No;" "Bright Eyes."

T. F. H. We do not remember the name

FRANK G. You can not yet write for the press. Some knowledge of orthography, grammar, and of the technicalities of composition are highly essen-tial requisites

"A Temperance Sketch" is wholly worthless as a composition. Author will please read and ponder over what is said above to Frank G.

HOWARD. It is too late to plant bulbs for spring aloom. Hyacinths are perfectly hardy. Send to yick, of Rochester, for his new catalogue; it gives all desired information on flower culture.

Vick, of Rochester, for his new catalogue; it gives all desired information on flower culture.

Effee Gordon. Charlotte Cushman never was married. She is now about seventy years of age. Her present stage appearances probably will be her last. She is truly a remarkably old woman.

T. M. The "Internationals" is a semi-secret organization, of highly revolutionary ideas regarding human rights of person and property. They are radical Fourerites in one sense—that of believing all property as non-exclusive, but propose, as a speciality, to so readjust society that no one man shall have preference or prominence over another. The whole scheme is not at all new. It has existed in almost all ages, but obtains special prominence in this decade when society generally—especially political society—is undergoing so many changes.

Night Ranger. There is no "regular price" for literary work. Each serial is paid for according to merit and availability. Authors are not able, even in the case of those with good names, to dictate terms to publishers. They have to take what they can get. The American or home product is sacrificed to the imported article. All monthly magazines in this country, save one or two, are running English serials. When American authors offer a serial, the publisher blandly smiles and says, "no room for you." This will be changed some of these days, when our Congress is wise enough to pass an International copyright law.

G. F. G. The "Tailor Bird" is a native of India, and is so named on account of using his needle-like

G. F. G. The "Tailor Bird" is a native of India. and is so named on account of using his needle-like bill in fastening leaves together and making them into a nest. GEORGE F. The Roman Catholics have built

cathedral in Pekin, China, that overlooks the palace.

MARY GEORGE. You should not repeat what you have heard in social intercourse, unless it is intended for the public, otherwise you would be treacherous to those who had trusted you; if not treacherous, it is foolish, to say the least of it. MATTIE KNOWLES. We believe that Vermont has been the residence of more persons who have reach-ed the age of one hundred years, than any other State in the Union.

Monroe. Seal-skin caps are fashionable this season for young misses, and are worn a great deal by our school-girls, who are assured that they are exceedingly becoming to their different styles of beauty.

MAUD LAWRENCE. Ermine is the handsomest 'fur' that can be worn by children, THEODORE JAMES. The next kin to the throne of ingland, after the present Prince of Wales, is his idest son, now seven years of age.

Backwoodsman. A little straw placed in your shoes will cause friction, and add greatly to the warmth of your feet.

Nanne Mosey. Southern ladies ride more on horseback than do the ladies of the North, but it is visa versa as regards driving themselves in phaetons.

MOLLIF F. GROGAN. It is too true that many of our ladies, both married and single, attended the balls given to the Grand Duke Alexis, with their dresses cut indecently low in the neck. Women can not expect that gentlemen will respect them when they show such a total disregard of self-respect, as they do in appearing in public with dresses so scant as to leave little for imagination. Unanswered questions on hand will appear

"By far the best stories of our Wild Western life which have ever been presented in our popular journalism."-Lafayette Gaz.

Our Wild Western Life.

In its pursuit of attractions the SATURDAY Journal has secured, among other admirable productions, a very interesting and attractive series of papers by the noted Hunter-author.

CAPTAIN J. F. C. ADAMS. ("YOUNG BRUIN ADAMS,")

consisting of character sketches, or life episodes in the adventures and doings of Boone, Crockett, Kit Carson, Ben Hardin, etc., etc. Hunter as Captain Adams is, by taste and experience, he has, by camp-fire and on the trail learned a great many things regarding the celebrated hunters and scouts named, and in his own graphic manner repeats them. They will greatly please. From the same hand we have another series,

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE WEST, which will prove of rare interest and real value, comprising, as they will, many strange and exciting stories of the border and early

Of the ever-welcome Ralph Ringwood-now. alas! passed away forever!-we have a new installment to offer of his already much talked

CAMP-FIRE YARNS.

which have been such a pleasing feature of this journal for the past year. Ralph Ringwood writes exclusively for us, and has made for himself a reputation which will long keep his memory green. The new series will comprise some of the best things he ever wrote. We also have, from his hand, a number of

TALES OF THE BORDER,

which are more nearly related to the early history of Ohio, Kentucky, etc., and contain some deeply-absorbing narratives illustrative of the people and days of the settlements. As announced elsewhere, we have a new star

MAJOR MAX MARTINE. EX-SIOUX CHIEF, FREE TRAPPER AND GUIDE.

upon whose remarkable experiences we shall draw for a succession of tales, sketches, adventures, etc., etc., that will prove as attractive as any thing we have yet given our readers — which is saying much. The SATURDAY which is saying much. JOURNAL has been particularly fortunate in securing such characters as Major Martine, Captain Adams and Ralph Ringwood as special contributors, and we hope, in the months to come, to largely add to the reputation which

we now hold, of being THE BEST FAMILY AND HOME PAPER IN AMERICA.



OVER THE SEA.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

I stood in the gloaming. A being fair Came unto me—
Came from the land where the angels are—
Over the sea.

Whither, oh, seraph, dost thou roam?
Whisper to me,
Why didst leave thy sinless home
Over the sea!

"I fly," she whispered in my ear, Earthwardly: I come to carry a loved one dear Over the sea.

"'Tis I, 'tis I, thou seekest afar; No further flee! I long to dwell in yonder star, Over the sea."

But the angel cried, as she winged her way,
I seek not thee.
Wait! Thy angel will come some day,
From o'er the sea.

I've waited long on Time's lone shore, Angel for thee; Come! bear the lone one, loved of yore, Over the sea!

The Dark Secret: The Mystery of Fontelle Hall.

BY COUSIN MAY CARLETON.

CHAPTER XVIII. A WOMAN'S NATURE

"I am a woman—nay, a woman wronged!
And when our sex from injuries take fire,
Our softness turns to fury, and our thoughts
Breathe vengeance and destruction."
—SAVAGE.

The loud ringing of the breakfast-bell was the first thing that awoke Captain Alfred Disbrowe on the morning of his departure. For hours after his parting with Jacquetta, he had paced up and down his room, too miserable and angry to go to bed; and it was only when the sky began to grow red in the east that he had flung himself down, dressed and all, and dropped into a feverish slumber.

He awoke with a strange feeling of loneliness and heaviness of heart, and it was some minutes before he could call to mind the cause. Then it came back to him with a shock and a thrill, that this was the last morning he would ever spend in Fontelle— the last time he would ever see Jacquetta. There was inexpressible bitterness in the thought, now that the excitement of the previous night had passed away; and he dropped his head on his hand with something like a groan. Her image was before him, bright, piquant, radiant—the slight, fairy form; the small, tantalizing, bewitching face; the laughing, mocking, dark-gray eyes; the saucy, provoking smile; the round, polished, boyish forehead; the short, flashing, dancing curls, that shone before his eyes, now, as the most charming curls in existence; the whole-spirited, daring, sparkling little countenance of the intoxicating little siren, all arose, as if to madden him in their most bewildering array. He looked up at the smiling eyes and sweet, beautiful lips of the portrait above him, and remembered he had lost it all. Again his head dropped, and a cry that would not be repressed broke from his lips:

"Oh, Jacquetta! my love! my life! my dream! This—this is what I have lost!"

There was a knock at the door. He lifted his head, brushed back the heavy locks of his falling hair, and said:

Come in. Frank entered. It reminded Disbrowe of

the first day of his arrival, when he had paid him a similar visit. How short a time had elapsed since then! and yet it had transformed his whole life.

"Why, cousin Alfred, what's the mat-ter?" said Frank. "You look like a ghost." "I did not sleep well, last night," said Disbrowe, glancing languidly in the glass, and starting to see the pale face it reflected. "Was that the breakfast-bell rung just

'Yes, and as you are generally down so carly in the morning, I thought perhaps you had taken a notion to run off in the night, being so late this morning. You didn't turn in with your clothes on, did They look as if you had been sleeping in them a week.'

I believe I did," said Disbrowe, smiling faintly. "I was up until daybreak. Are my uncle and cousins down-stairs?"

There was a vague hope at his heart that he might see Jacquetta again, in spite of what she had told him; and he listened ea-

gerly for Frank's answer.
"No," said that young gentleman, "Jack's gone. She was off this morning for a tenmile ride, to visit one of these poor laborers who got both his legs crushed to pieces last evening - poor fellow! She would have went last night, I believe, only Lightning had lost a shoe.

a sickening feeling of disappointment, Disbrowe arose and proceeded to arrange his disordered dress and brush his disheveled hair. So intense and bitter was the sensation, that it was some moments before he could trust himself to speak.

Jack's a regular guardian-angel to onehalf these poor people," continued Frank, now, as ever, disposed to sing the praises of his favorite, and quite unconscious that every word of praise was like a dagger to the heart of his cousin. "Let her hear of an accident, even though it should be fifty miles off, and if she thought she could be of the least service, she would be up and off in a twinkling, in spite of wind and weather. remember once, when the typhus fever was raging at Green Creek, and carrying off the people in scores, she established herself as nurse-general, and scarcely took time to sleep or eat, but went from cottage to cottage, night and day. Uncle told her she was mad, and tried to prevail on her not to risk her life; but she wouldn't listen to him a moment. Her duty lay there, she said, and there she must be. months, she never came to Fontelle, for fear of bringing the contagion; and I believe she saved the lives of one-half the poor people there. Uncle gave her plenty of money; and, by George! if she didn't

And did she escape herself?" "Oh, no! she took it when almost everybody else was well; but she recovered again. Her hair all fell out, too, and it has

never grown long since."
"And this is what I have lost," again thought Disbrowe, in bitterness of spirit. This is the girl I have called heartless this entrancing fairy, with the heart of a Oh, Jacquetta! what hero and an angel!

rest, I'll be bound! You look as if you had "So I have!" said Disbrowe, passionately.
"Eh? what? Why, cousin Alfred, is
Lord Earnecliffe dead?"
"Not as I know of. I hope not."
"Then what the—I thought he was, by

your saying that. Never mind, Frank; you are five years too young to understand what I mean Heaven grant you never may understand

Frank looked at him an instant with a peculiar smile, and then began to whistle, with piercing emphasis, the grand march in Norma." Disbrowe paused in his occupation, and looked at him a moment with a singular expression.

"You, too, Frank," he said, with a slight

smile; "are you in the secret, too?"
"What secret?" said Frank, with a look
of innocent unconsciousness. "Don't understand, Captain Disbrowe. I'm five years too young to know any secrets.'

Captain Disbrowe returned to his toilet. "I forgot you were a Yankee, and consequently wide-awake." Has Jacquetta"—his face flushed as he uttered her name-'told you any thing?"

"No. What would she tell me? I don't understand you at all, cousin Alfred."
Frank's look of resolute simplicity was refreshing to see. Disbrowe made an impa-

tient gesture. You understand well enough. Out with

"Well, then, I know you're in love with our Jack," blurted out Master Frank, thrusting both hands in his pockets. "All of my own knowledge, too, if I am five years too young to know any thing."

Evidently youth was a sore spot with Frank, like all boys ambitious to be thought men. Disbrowe's face grew crimson on moment and whiter than ever the next. He went on dressing without speaking a word, and Frank, evidently possessed by some spirit of evil, continued, undauntedly:

And I know she refused you, too you and your coronet, Captain Disbrowe, as she has many a bet—another man. Oh, our Jack's not to be had for a word, I can tell you! The man that gets her must do something more than pay her compliments, or give her flowers, or say sweet things by

What must he do? Take lance and shield, and ride forth, booted and spurred, like a second Don Quixote, in search of adventures; conquer a fiery dragon, or rescue some hapless prince from the enchanted castle of some gigantic ogre?" said Disbrowe, between anger and sarcasm.

"Yes, sir-ee!" exclaimed Frank, defiant-"If such things were to be done now, the man that would lay claim to her pretty little hand would have to prove his knight-hood before he would kneel at her footstool. As it is, the man that comes after her will have to mind his P's and Q's before he gets her; for Jack De Vere is no common milk-and-water young lady, but worth half the women in the world—queens and princesses included—rolled into one."
"That is all, doubtless, very true," said
Disbrowe, with a curling lip; "but I fancy

now some one who-He paused abruptly, and bit his lip.

"Oh, you may go on. I know who you mean. You think she's in love with Jacinto—don't you?" said Frank, sarcastically. "Really, Master Frank, you seem in a catechising mood this morning," said Disbrowe, facing round and fixing his dark eyes full upon him. "Supposing we drop this subject. Our friend, Miss Jacquetta,

might not thank either of us for so free a use of her name." Frank blushed at the rebuke, which he could not help feeling he deserved, and in a spirit of retaliation began humming: "A

frog he would a wooing go," as they left Disbrowe smiled as he heard him: and. letting his hand fall on his shoulder, said.

"Come, Master Frank, it is not worth while for you and I to disagree, as this is

the last morning I will ever trouble you We must part friends, my dear boy." "That we shall, cousin Alfred!" exclaimed Frank, shaking earnestly the proffered hand; "and I do like you first rate; and I wish you had got Jack. Now, then!"

"Thank you! but your wish comes rather

too late; I am not likely to win such a prize in Love's lottery. Tell her, Frank," he said, with a look of strange earnestness in his dark, handsome eyes, "to forget all I may have said to offend her; and tell her that my best wishes go with her and whoever may be so fortunate as to win the heart and hand she refused me. Tell her this. Frank. my dear fellow, since I am not destined to e her again."

Frank wrung his hand silently; for his voice at that moment was not altogether under his command.

Both entered the breakfast parlor to gether, where Augusta, Jacinto, and Mr. De Vere sat awaiting them.

Augusta sat the same figure of stone that she always was of late; but the change the past few days had wrought in her never struck Disbrowe so forcibly as it did this morning. She had lost flesh and life, color: she was but the shadow of her former self. Her tall, stately form was wasted and thin; her cheeks hollow; her lofty brow death-like in its blue-veined pallor; her lips were white; and her hands so pale and wasted that they looked almost transparent. The old story of the vampire suck ing the life-blood drop by drop, seemed realized in her case; and oh! the unspeakable depth of desolation and despair in those great, heavy midnight eyes. something worse than desolation and despair was in that haggard face, now-RE-MORSE, undying, devouring remorse—the worm that never sleeps, seemed gnawing her heart—had set his white, fearful seal on

that corpse-like face. She lifted her eyes slowly, as they entered; and meeting his gaze, so full of pity and compassion, the old haughty pride of the De Veres, that even her night of anguish could not quench, sent a momentary fire leaping to her eyes, and a lofty look to the white face that repelled and cast off fiercely

all commiseration Mr. De Vere put down the book he was reading, and came forward to greet him; and Jacinto, who sat caressing a beautiful little water-spaniel—a pet of Jacquetta's lanced up and met a look full of angry jealousy from the young Englishman's dark eyes that made him drop his own and flush

Mr. De Vere apologized in a few words for Jacquetta's absence; and they all gath-

the young guardsman would partake of beneath that roof; and until that moment they had not known how he had endeared him-self to them. There would be a dreary gap when his tall, gallant form, and gay, handsome young face was gone, that would not be easily filled in the family circle. Had Jacquetta been there, the oppressive silence would soon have been broken! but she was "over the hills and far away," long before this, and doubtless-as Disbrowe thoughtforgetful of his very existence.

"Which way do you go?" inquired Mr. De Vere, at length—making an effort at something like conversation. "I will call at the Mermaid, and take

passage from there in some schooner, as I wish to take sketches of the scenery as I go along, which, I understand, is very fine along the Hudson."

"None better," said Mr. De Vere. "I

"None better," said Mr. De Vere. "I have climbed the proud Alps, I have sailed down the Rhine, as the song has it, but I have never seen any thing to surpass this new country scenery. You ought to see these American forests in autumn, decked in their Joseph's coat of many colors. You would never forget it. It goes ahead of Old England completely in that point."

"I have always understood it was very fine," said Disbrowe: "but, unhappily, I will not be able to see it. I hope to be shooting in Fontelle woods before that."

ng in Fontelle woods before that." The door opened as he spoke, and a servant appeared with a startled face.
"Well, Reynolds?" said Mr. De Vere,

looking up.
"She's here again, sir!" cried Reynolds, excitedly, "and she won't go away, all we can do. She says she will see you, in spite

"Who are you talking about?—who is she? Don't be so incoherent, Reynolds."
"It's old Mother Howlet, sir, if you please-and there's a man along with herand she won't go away."

Augusta uttered a faint exclamation, and sunk back in her chair. Mr. De Vere arose, his face flushed with

"Mother Howlet! How dare she come here! Order her away, Reynolds, and say I will not see her.

"We have, sir, but she won't go. The man along with her has got a pistol, and he says he will shoot the first of us that tries to keep them out." "Who is the fellow?"
"Don't know, sır. He's a short, thick-set
man, with red hair and whiskers, and a say-

"Captain Nick Tempest," simultaneous-ly exclaimed Jacinto, Disbrowe, and Frank. "The fellow who tried to shoot you that evening Jacinto was wounded?" asked Mr.

'The same." "Really," said Mr. De Vere, angry Fontelle seems to be a rendezvous for des peradoes of late. Come, Reynolds, I will go with you to this worthy pair, and we will

see if they can not be got rid of."

"You had better be careful, my dear sir, said Disbrowe, anxiously. "This Captain Tempest is a most sanguinary villain, and

capable of any crime, I believe 'Then he will find that Fontelle is not in the habit of sheltering sanguinary vil-lains, nor its master of being bullied into listening to what they have to say."

And, preceded by Reynolds, Mr. De Vere

"What the dickens can bring those two here?" exclaimed the astonished Frank. That is a question I can not take it upon myself to answer," said Disbrowe; "for no good, you may safely swear. They must

have the audacity of the old demon himself to come here. Are you ill, Miss Augusta? You look alarmed." Oh. no. She was sitting gazing at the door, with a

look so strained and unnatural that it startled them. Jacinto, too, was white, as if with apprehension, and shrunk from the eyes of all. Moment after moment pass quarter of an hour went by, but still Mr. Vere did not return.

"What can detain uncle!" exclaimed Frank. "They can't have done any thing to him, can they? Suppose I ring and

No one objected; and, seizing the bellpull, he rung a peal that presently brought Revnolds into the room.

Have those two old trampers gone?" asked Frank. No, Master Frank; they're both here

"The dickens they are! Where's uncle?"
"In the morning-parlor with Mother

"Oh! ginger!" exclaimed the overwhelmed Frank, "there's a piece of news! Where's Captain Tempest?" 'Sitting in the hall, smoking.

'Smoking! there's coolness for you, ladies and gents! You may go, Reynolds."
Reynolds bowed and withdrew, and the quartet looked at each other in silent amaze. Augusta leaned on her elbow, and dropped her head on her hand, but not bethey seen how fearfully agitated her face was. Jacinto, alternately pale and red, got up and sat down, and seemingly could rest no where. Captain Disbrowe looked calmly surprised, and Master Frank gave vent to his feelings by whistling, and with his hands in his pockets marched up and down the room to the tune of the "Ro-

An hour passed, and all were wrought up to a state of almost intolerable suspense wish uncle would come—I do wish would," Frank had repeated for the fiftieth time, when at last the door was opened, and Mr. De Vere entered, closely followed by Grizzle Howlet and Captain Nick Tempes

A score of questions were on Frank's lip's; but they froze there, as he looked on his uncle's face. The stern and relentless face of an outraged Spartan father, carved in marble, might have looked as his did at that moment. A dusky fire was in his eye and his lips were compressed as in a vice The faces of Captain Nick and his fair friend bore an unmistakable look of triumphant malice, as they coolly helped themselves to seats. Captain Nick bowed politely all around, in bland amiability—even to Captain Disbrowe; for there is nothing makes us more amiable for the time being than the consciousness that we are about to have complete revenge. Augusta shook in mortal terror from meeting the eye of old Grizzle, and shrunk away in a recess of the window, shaking like one in an ague-fit. A sinister smile parted the thin lips of that lady, as she saw it; and she exchanged an exultant look with the gallant commander of the Wileshey Nickey.

have I done that I should lose you?"

"What is the matter?" said Frank, curiously. "Something more than a bad night's ered around the breakfast table. The meal passed almost in silence, and sadly enough, too; for all were thinking it was the last lar direction Jacquetta has gone?"

Frank started and stared. There was a sharp ringing tone in his uncle's voice, that was never heard there save when his anger was at its hight. It was seldom Mr. De Vere was really angry; but when he was, he was almost relentless in his stern passion. "No sir—that is, yes sir—she has gone to Red Rock."

"Do you know what time she will return?"

"No sir; perhaps not before night."
Mr. De Vere seized the bell, and rung furiously. Reynolds again appeared.
"Reynolds, go and tell William to saddle Firefly—that is the fastest horse, I believe—and bring him round, instantly, to the front door!"

Reynold's flew to obey, wondering in-wardly what was up, and then turning to the astonished Frank, said, peremptorily: "Mount instantly, and be off for Jac-quetta! Tell her she is to return with you immediately—immediately, mind! Lose not a moment going or coming! Go!"

Frank started to his feet, more in dismay than in obedience; but there was that in his

uncle's face that repelled inquiry, and ex-

"Just tell her I want her! You need not say who is here. It is as well to take her unprepared," he said, lowering his voice.
"That's so, Mr. De Vere!" exclaimed Captain Tempest, whose keen ears overheard him Silence, sir!" said Mr. De Vere, fiercely

"Learn to hold your tongue when a gentle-man speaks!" Then, turning to Frank, he said: "What are you waiting for, sir? be off; and mind, don't let the grass grow un-der your feet!" Frank, so violently astonished that he

scarcely knew whether he was waking or dreaming, seized his cap, and darted out of the room. Captain Tempest arose, his face red with anger.
"Do you mean to say, sir," he began, turning savagely to Mr. De Vere, when a

hand seized his arm, and he was forced back into his chair.

"Why will you be a fool," said Grizzle angrily, in Spanish; "sit down and wait! Your revenge is coming!"

A moment's silence fell on all. Captain Tempest scowled, Mr. De Vere walked to the window, and stood like a statue, and

Disbrowe pulled out his watch, and looked "Time I was off," he said, starting up

"Time I was off," he said, starting up.
"My dear uncle, can I see you a moment in private, before I go?"
"You must postpone your journey for to-day, Alfred!" said his uncle, imperiously.
"There is a certain family affair to be discussed here, presently, at which I require your presence. Your journey can wait, so sit down!"

Jachto started to his feet

Jacinto started to his feet.
"Then I will not intrude," he said; "I

"You will stay!" interposed Mr. De Vere, sternly. "Sit down, sir; perhaps we may find your presence necessary before we have

The boy turned white, even to his lips.
"I beg, sir," he began, falteringly; but
Mr. De Vere turned almost fiercely upon

"Sit down, sir! You shall do as I tell you. Perhaps we may make you give a better account of yourself before you go! Sit down!

The lad reeled, and fell back into a seat,

like one fainting.
All this time Augusta had cowered in her seat, shuddering, trembling, collapsed. Now she lifted her white face, and rising to her feet, she turned to Grizzle, and gasped rather

"Have you—have you—broken your promise? Have you told—?" her voice died away, and she shivered, convulsively. The old, evil smile came over Grizzle's face, as she fixed her piercing eyes on the young girl's ghastly face, and quietly re-

'No, Lady Augusta, I have not told! Your secret is safe, at least, for the present; I do not care to blacken my lips just yet by telling it, nor scorch your father's ears by the hearing. Fear not for the present; you

are safe. She sunk back, and dropped her white face in her white hands. Mr. De Vere, standing stern and motionless, if he heard, heeded not; and Jacinto, whose emotion was evidently one of intense terror—rather surprising in one who a short time before had fearlessly risked his life to save anoth er's-cowered down on his seat, and did not dare to look up, while a streak of dark red at intervals flashed across his dark face. Disbrowe, astonished and troubled, yet with a heart thrilling at the thought that he was to see Jacquetta again, looked uneasily from face to face. Old Grizzle, with her gray cloak folded closely around her, sat with a grim, sinister smile glittering in her snakelike eyes, and wrinkling her thin lips. And Captain Tempest, lolling back in his chair, elevated his legs on another, clapping a wedge of the Virginia weed in his mouth, stuck his hands in his coat-pockets, and looked the very picture of nonchalance and high-bred self-possession.

And hours passed!

(To be continued—commenced in No. 87.)

The Red Rajah:

THE SCOURGE OF THE INDIES. A TALE OF THE MALAYAN ISLES. BY FREDERICK WHITTAKER,

(LAUNCE POYNTZ.) (LAUNCE POYNTZ.)

AUTHOR OF "MUSTANG HUNTERS," "KNIGHT
OF THE RUBIES," "THE GRIZZLY HUNTERS," "THE BLACK WIZARD,"
ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

DON GREGORIO RODRIQUEZ. JOHN EARLE, ESQUIRE, head of the Singaore branch of the house of Earle, Hoskins & Co., sat in his counting-room on a Monday morning. The counting-room was a long, dark apartment, situated in the basement-story of the immense warehouses of the firm.

Being partly underground, and surrounded by very thick walls, this room was quite delightful in its coolness. What in climate would have been a gloomy dungeon, under the equator, or nearly, became

pleasant retreat.

Mr. Earle sat in a huge cane rocker, an importation from the San Francisco branch of the house (under Rufus B. Hoskins' superintendence).

He was examining an enormous ledger, which lay on his knees, and whose pages appeared to interest him far more than the

last new novel would have pleased his

E. H. & Co., Bankers, Brokers, and Merchants," was written or printed on the back of a row of books, that showed their gilded titles in goodly numbers, from the shelves of the open safe that stood before Mr. Earle.
"H'm!" muttered the old gentleman, as

Mr. Earle.

"H'm!" muttered the old gentleman, as he turned over the leaves; "it ain't so very bad for a year's business. Them blarsted Chinese may kick up all the bobbery they please about hopium, but it's a money-making trade. 'Ow I would like to do the 'ole of it. H'm! Hindigo. Thirty-five cargoes. That ain't bad for a single 'ouse. But then one can't make sich money at that as they used to. More's the pity. 'Backer. That's the boy for me! 'Ow many 'undredweight 'ave I sold of that 'ere stuff in hold Hingland. They may eall it cabbage, as much as they please, but I notices they smokes the 'real Manilla cheroots' hall over Hindia. And wot's more, we're the lads as sells 'em. What's this 'ere? Caballero, Rodriquez & Co.'s account. That's pretty 'eavy. But then we makes so much out of them, that we can afford to pay it. Cheroots cost us about a 'a'penny, and we sells 'em in Calcutta for fippence, Bombay sixpence, and a shillin' in Lunnun. Wish I did about ten million a year in tobacker, instead of a few 'undred thousands. 'Ello! Wot's the matter, 'Ardy?"

This query was addressed to his bookkeeper. Mr. Hardy, who entered from the

This query was addressed to his book-keeper, Mr. Hardy, who entered from the outer store, bearing a small card.

'A Spanish gentleman wants to see you, Mr. Earle inspected the card very carefully through his glasses. It was a very tiny card, and the name was engraved in such a fine Italian hand as to be almost invisible. Mr. Earle puzzled over it in vain, till his clerk, with younger eyes, came to his

help.
"Why the doose can't the blasted foreigner 'ave his name printed plain?" grumbled the merchant. "Well, 'Ardy, 'oo is it." Don Gregorio Rodriquez," read out

Hardy, slowly.

"Eh! God bless my soul! You don't say so?" exclaimed Mr. Earle, hurriedly jumping up to put away his ledger. "Why, 'Ardy, 'e's the 'ead of the 'ouse af Cabalance Cabalanc lero, Rodriquez & Co., of Manilla. Old Caballero's dead, but they keep 'is name hup still. Show 'im in, 'Ardy—show 'im That feller grows more 'backer, and sugar, and 'emp, than any one I know. Show 'im in, 'Ardy, and, mind you, be horful civil. We howe 'is 'ouse a pile of

Hardy disappeared, and Mr. Earle bustled about the dingy office, making things straight for his respected visitor. He shut the safe, and drew up a second rocking-chair close to a large table, strewed with books, bills of lading, and loose letters. In a few minutes more Hardy entered, ushering in a tall gentleman, whom he announced as "Don Gregorio Rodriquez." Mr. Earle rushed forward with overpow-

money

Mr. Earle rushed forward with overpowering hospitality.
"My dear Don Gregorio, so 'appy to see you. 'Ardy, 'and a chair to Don Gregorio. A hold friend of our 'ouse, like you, is always welcome. 'Ardy, tell 'em to send in some of them hiced Yankee drinks at once. My dear Don Gregorio, 'ow 'appy I am to

The tall gentleman had allowed his hand to rest in that of the merchant, quite impassively. He now spoke in a singularly soft and deep voice, with a very marked

foreign accent.
"T'ank you, sare, I am afraid I sall put you to so mosh trouble. Pray do not discommode yourself."

"No trouble at all, sir," responded the hospitable Earle. "'Urry up! 'Ardy. Be hoff."

Hardy vanished; and Mr. Earle finally got his visitor settled in one of the American rockers, near the window, where he could look at him.

Don Gregorio Rodriquez was about as

strong a contrast to the plethoric, mercantile Earle, as you could imagine. He did not look the least like a merchant. He was exceedingly tall, and rather slightly built, but as graceful in every movement as a panther. His face was strikingly handsome, although nearly as brown as an In-

His eyes were dark and luminous, and his short, curling hair and drooping mustache were as black as the raven's wing Don Gregorio did not appear to feel the heat in the slightest. He was dressed in a full suit of closely-fitting black, the frock buttoned across. The only summery thing

about the don was his broad-brimmed Panama hat, which Mr. Earle, learned in such matters, mentally pronounced to be "worth five hundred dollars, if a cent." The Englishman's eyes were also attracted to the studs glittering in the immaculate

shirt-front of the Spanish gentleman. Each of them was a solitaire diamond, as large as

Worth ten thousand pound apiece, I'll "mentally ejaculated Mr. Earle, as he gazed.

The Spanish gentleman opened the conversation, as he lay back in the cool chair,

languid and handsome.

'Do you object to de smoking of one leetle cheroot en your offeece, Senor Earle?" he asked, languidly.
"Not in the least, don—not in the least,"

blurted out the puffy merchant. "Smoke by all means. We know what kind of cheroots you 'ave in your 'ouse. Eh, Don?" And Mr. Earle chuckled obsequiously.

Don Gregorio produced from his breastpocket a small case of exquisite beauty, so thickly incrusted with jewels that old Earle

could not restrain a cry of admiration. "My. Ain't that 'andsome?" The Spaniard smiled. You like it. A mere trifle, Mr. Earle.

I like to have de apparatus prettee. Veel you onore me?" And he extended the case to the old merchant, who softly extracted a small cheroot from it, as if he were afraid to injure it. Don Gregorio placed another of the cheroots beneath the long, silky mustache that drooped down below his chin so gracefully. He replaced the case in his pocket, and arrested Mr. Earle with a gesture, as he

"Do not trouble yoursailf to get de matches, senor, I beg of you. I alvays carree de appartus for de fire in mai po-kett." And the impassive Spaniard drew from his pocket a tidy match-safe, made of gold, far as you could see for the diamonds

that incrusted it.

"Feuga, senor," he said, quietly; "ah! pardon. I forget maiself, I speak Espanol.
Take eet." And he struck a light from a little wax



match and lighted his cheroot, first handing

the light to the other.

Mr. Earle worshiped wealth. If Don Gregorio had ordered him to black his boots, I believe he would have done it. To be on terms of such easy familiarity with this princely-looking stranger perfectly intoxi-cated the old plebeian. He sat, enjoying the fragrance of the best Manilla he had ever smoked, and mentally adoring the Spaniard, till Hardy re-entered, with a boy bearing a salver of sherry-cobblers.

Don Gregorio was graciously pleased to imbibe a cobbler and smile approvingly. Then Mr. Earle opened the conversation

with a nervous laugh.
"I suppose, ha! ha! Don Gregorio, that your visit ere is partly on account of the balance owing your 'ouse, eh? It's pretty 'eavy this year, I know; but, thank 'Eaven, Earle 'Oskins & Co. ain't obliged to ask credit for their balances. 'Ow will you

The fact was, that Mr. Earle was at the time a little pinched for ready money, and as the balance due Caballero, Rodeiquez & Co., was for a whole year's sales, amounting to several cargoes of tobacco, he hated des-

Don Gregorio waved a slender hand dain-Mr. Earle saw the sparkle of a single

tily. Mr. Earle saw the sparkle of a single diamond on the little finger.

"Do not trouble yourself, senor," he said, languidly; "I do not come down on de business. I leave all dat to my tenedor de libros—pardon, my book-keepair. He veel make de draft, I suppose, in de usual mannair. I coom on de pleasure. I have not been out from Manilla for many years. I coom to see de great world once more; and coom to see de great world once more; and I call first on de old house dat have do our

beez-ness for so long."

Mr. Earle seized the other's hand with ef-

"You do me proud, Don Gregorio," he said; "and I'm 'artily glad to see you. You mustn't think of stoppin' in these 'ere beastly 'otels in the town. They ain't fit to put a 'og in. You must come with me to my little place in the country, and be comfortable. 'Taint a rich palace like you lives in,

able. 'Taint a rich palace like you lives in, Don Gregorio, I know; but I can promise you a 'arty welcome and a pretty fair dinner, if I do say it, as shouldn't."

The don smiled blandly.

"I shall be very happy, senor," he answered; "but I am not reduced to de hotels for my quar-tairs. I did come in my own prahu from Manilla. She is my—vot you call yacht. I think." you call yacht, I think."

"And did you really sail all the way here in a native prahu?" asked Mr. Earle, in

And why not, senor. I have make her

under my own supair-veesion, and she is swift as de very wind."

"She need be swift to sail through the Sooloo Sea," remarked the merchant; "for that unhung villain, the Red Rajah, scours it with a fleet of flyers."

A sweet smile lifted the center of Don Gregorio's long mustache, just showing a glimpse of pearly-white teeth.

"He is some great pirate, den, dis Red Rajah," he said. "I hear some people speak

'I should think they would," returned Earle, testily. 'E ought to be 'ung by the 'eels over a 'ot fire, 'e ought. The thousands of pounds as our 'ouse, and hother 'ouses in this 'ere place 'as lost, is incredible, in the control of the con owin' to that werry willain. But we smoked 'im at last, 'ang' im!"

The Spaniard blew a ring of smoke from his lips, and inquired:
"Indeed? I am so ignorant of all dis,

you know. You veel pardon me for asking, how did you smoke eem, as you call "All of us merchants as 'ad lost by 'im, we chartered a brig and sent 'er a-cruisin' after 'im. A young Yankee feller took the command, and we gave him some of them 'undred-shooters, the Yankees is so proud of —them Gatling guns. 'Oskins, of our 'ouse, consigned 'em 'ere, but Lor' bless you, we

couldn't sell 'em. They cooked the Rajah's goose, though, 'ang 'im'!'
"And deed you hear, den, dat dis Red
Rajah was keeled?" asked the Spaniard, in

a tone of languid interest.
"Not exactly killed," admitted Earle; "but the Avenger found out his favorite aunt, burnt his ouse over the eads of the slaves as 'e left be 'ind, and stole a lot of 'is treasures. And that ain't the best of it There's a 'ole squadron of men-o'war in the 'arbor now, as is goin' to start for them hislands to-morrow, and clear 'hout

"Dat eez ver' good news," said Don Gregorio, smiling; "what pity is it that Senor Colorado Rajah can not be informed of de amiable in-ten-tions of heez friends at Singapore. How he would tank zem!' And the handsome Rodriquez laughed, in

a low, musical tone. 'Veel you not take anoder cheroot?" be added; "dey are only made of de very best tobacco on our planta-tion. We keep de one field dat grow dem for our own private smokeeng. A light! Certainlee." After a few moments, smoking, Don Gre-

'And dis Red Rajah-you call heem-was any teeng else brought away from his place? Was eet only his money dey stole?"

"No one stole any thing, Don Gregorio," said the merchant, testily; "it's no stealing to take from a pirate, is it?"

"Pardon, senor," said the Spaniard, blandly; "I do not speak the Eengleesh ver' well. I meestake de word. But did dey take any

thing else but money?"

Mr. Earle chuckled and rubbed his hands. That's the best of it, Don Gregorio! That's the best of it! You must know that there was a little French girl on the hisland, whom the Rajah had saved from a wreck, once on a time. A most romantic story she 'ad. Well, it so 'appened that our young Yankee had been on the same vessel once, with the little girl. And so she knew 'im and ran away with 'im The Rajah must 'a been awful fond of 'er.. She was dressed like a princess, and brought away enough valuables, of her hown, to be worth ten

thousand pounds."
"Indeed?" was all Don Gregorio said. "And all that was 'er hown, as the Rajah 'ad given 'er. She wouldn't take anything clse but 'er hown."

"She was a dear, good little girl," re-A little fool, I call 'er," said the mer-

chant. "Wasn't 'e a robber and a pirate? She hought to 'a' taken hall she could. I "I do not doubt eet," said Don Gregorio,

quietly.

match to my lord's palace. They couldn't find where 'e'd 'id 'is gold, but they'll 'ave a hopportunity when the squadron sails tomorrer. If they don't 'unt up some of the gold of them hislands, it'll be because it ain't

The Spaniard laughed again.

"Probablee," he said. "Porgue no sera en casa—ah! pardon! I forget again. Because it shall no' be in de ha-oose. Si. Si."

Mr. Earle went on with his story:
"They've brought'er to my 'ouse now. and she and Julia-that's my daughter, don —are as thick as pickpockets. She's a pretty child, but I must say, not 'arf as 'andsome as my Julia. You shall see 'er to-night, Don Gregorio. You'll sleep at my 'ouse, won't

"With de great plee-sure," replied the Spaniard. "I weel but send word to my vessel and have my baules-ah! my tronks I mean—sent to your house. But, tell me, senor, shall I see dees charming leetle maid-

"Certainly, don. I'll introduce you to her, and to my Julia, too, Don Gregorio." "Mil Gracias," returned the other, somewhat absently. He smoked on silently for several min-

utes. Presently he inquired:
"At what hour do you drive home?" "At what hour do you drive nome?"
"At two o'clock, Don Gregorio. Where
shall I 'ave the pleasure of callin' for you?"
"At the dock where de yacht lies," said
the Spaniard, rising. "I salute you, senor,
and kiss your hands. I will be quite readee
don."

In a few moments more the tall, elegantlooking Spanish millionaire was walking out through the spacious warehouse, buttoning one glove with easy negligence, and humming an air from the opera of Fra Diavolo.

Mr. Earle saw his lofty figure swing along

the street toward the quay, only a hundred yards off. The long, slender, tapering yards of a prahu betokened Don Gregorio's "queer taste in yachts," as the merchant

But when he came down to see her, in the afternoon, he changed his opinions. Don Gregorio's yacht was the most perfect specimen of marine luxury and beauty he had ever seen. Being formed of two similar shells or canoes, secured to each other by powerful beams, she possessed all the keen swiftness of outline of the prahu captured from the pirate chief so recently.

But, the luxury of her appointments, all blazing with gold, and the fact of her having white sails of the finest duck, sufficiently marked the difference between the pirate's craft and the millionaire's yacht. The crew were attired in Malay fashion, but in dark-blue China silk, and the name BONITA was worked in gold across the breasts of their shirts. The captured pirate's prahu, black and dingy-looking, lay not far off—a strange contrast to the "Bonita."

Beyond her again was the Avenger, lying

close under the guns of several frigates and steamers, whose "bluepeters," flying at the fore, announced them to be ready for sea. It was the squadron to chase the pi

Don Gregorio laughed when Mr. Earle pointed it out to him.

> CHAPTER XIII. THE LETTER.

WHEN Don Gregorio had mounted into the buggy in which Mr. Earle was driving, the latter gave some directions to his porter who accompanied him. The baggage of the Spanish gentleman was put on a light cart, and taken off to the merchant's house while the buggy itself took a more circuit-

Mr. Earle was anxious to show the millionaire all the points of interest in and about Singapore; and it was late in the afternoon when they reached the "Palms," as Mr. Earle styled his villa.

During the ride, Don Gregorio manifested quite a lively interest in the story of the little cast-away, Marguerite de Favannes. When he heard her name, he suddenly remember ed that he was well acquainted with her aunt in Pondicherry.
"I do know Madame de Choiseul very

well," he said. "I have a letter from her to myself, in which she speak of her Marguerite, 'sa niece perdue' she call her. I veel send eet up to her, senor, weeth your kind permission, when we get to de ha-oose. And, accordingly, a letter, inclosed in one

of Mr. Earle's envelopes, and addressed, in a running Italian hand, to "Mademoiselle de Favannes" was taken up to the room, where our little Marguerite was just awaking from her afternoon siesta.

The Spanish gentleman retired to his own apartment, to which he was shown by his host, to divest himself of the dust of travel. As soon as he was left alone, he went to his open window, and sat down behind the Venetians, where he listened intently. The next room to his own, his host told him, was occupied by the distressed damsel. Presently he heard a tap at the door of that room, and a sweet voice from within inquired: Qu'est ceque c'est?" (What is it?)

Then there was the opening of a door, and the voice of the little Malay page: A letter for misses. "Merci," he heard, and then the door

She has it," muttered Don Gregorio, in English, without a trace of the accent he had assumed before.

Then he rose, and walked noisily about the room, as if to let every one know he was there, and finally sat down to unpack his trunk

Marguerite, in the next room, with the letter in her hand, was only half awake She heard the noise, and knew that a stranger was there, but had not opened her letter yet. Suddenly she heard a mellow baritone voice, remarkably sweet in its tones, singing an air that she well knew.

It was the Girondin hymn, "Mourier Marguerite started when she heard that

voice. She knew it well. In an instant she was awake, and began tearing open the let-It ran thus:

"MARGUERITE-You have left me. I know not whether it was wilingly or not. I came back to my own happy island, to find Marguerite gone, my people corpses, men, women, and children; my village a heap of ashes. Was this good, Marguerite? They tell me you fled with another man, willingly. Is this true? If it is, you can add one more to the list of ingratitudes. You can slay me. I am here. You have but to recognize me to point me out and have but to recognize me, to point me out, and hundreds of hands will be raised against the Red Kajah, who has defied them so long. I "But the crew of the brig wasn'tso doosed honest," old Earle continued. "They cleaned out hevery thing on the hisland, they could lay their 'ands on, and then put a "need things, who have any love left for me, pretend not to know me when you see me. I am here in the character of Don Gregorio Rodriquez, a rich planter of Manilla, who knows your aunt

Eulalie at Pondicherry. Now, farewell. Be discreet, and all may yet be well. "SIDAH SAPULOH."

When Marguerite had finished reading

this letter, she trembled violently.

He was there, the man whom she regarded with such a strange mixture of feelings, now. Was she glad or afraid? She hardly knew which was the uppermost emotion. She knew, by this time, what he was called in Singapore. She knew that the gorgeous Rajah, whom she knew on the island, was an execrated pirate here. She sat trembling, for fear he might be found out, and wondering how she should meet him.

And she knew that he was in the next room, too, for did she not hear his voice? Marguerite sat hesitating and trembling, till the clang of the bell, down below, gave token that it was time to dress for dinner. She hurried through with her toilet, and while still engaged in it, heard the door of the next room opened, and the light step of

the stranger going past, down the stairs. Poor Marguerite had not been happy since she left the island. The ruthless destruction she had seen perpetrated by the crew of the Avenger equaled the atrocities

of the pirates themselves. Marguerite, in her untutored simplicity, had imagined that she could leave the island, under the escort of Monsieur Claude, taking with her only the presents given to her by the Rajah. She thought that she could go to Pondicherry, to her aunt, and thus regain her family without offending the Rajah very much.

Rajah very much.

He would forgive her, she thought. He was so kind. Besides, he had no business to keep her from going to her aunt Eulalie. But when she found herself as powerless under the leadership of Monsieur Claude as under that of the Red Rajah himself, she altered her mind, and heren to wish she

altered her mind, and began to wish she had never left the island. But we will leave her to explain her feelings herself in due time. She descended to the drawing-room soon after, and found Mr. Earle there, gotten up in formal black

and talking to a tall gentleman, whose back was turned to her. She entered so softly as not to be heard for some moments; and so had time to scan the stranger, and prepare herself for the meeting. It was he. She knew him in a moment. There was no mistaking that ofty figure, so full of haughty grace. hair was clipped short, to be sure, and he was attired in the garments of an European

fashionable; but it was he.

Now, at last, Mr. Earle turned round, and 'Ah! my dear ma'm'selle, we was just atalkin' about you. Don Gregorio, this is Ma'm'selle Marguerite de Favannes, the romantic young lady as I told you of. Ma'm'selle, this is Don Gregorio Rodriquez, of

Manilla, as 'as the pleasure of knowing your lady-aunt in Pondicherry."

Don Gregoria bowed low, with stately grace, and poor Marguerite courtesied, castng down her eyes in great confusion.

glided into a fluent conversation, without the slightest appearance of effort. Marguerite replied in low monosyllables, but her embarrassment was attributed to modesty, and there was no appearance of the two ever having met before.

The girl was very much relieved, how-

ever, by the appearance of Julia Earle, who sailed into the room a few minutes afterward, fluttering in waves of Swiss muslin. Julia had heard of the arrival of the foreign millionaire, and was prepared to fascinate.

The Spanish gentleman was evidently

much taken with her appearance, for he entered into a very lively talk with her at once. Julia spoke very good French, and the conversation was managed so as to bring Marguerite into it very frequently.

Julia discovered such a fund of information, wit and repartee, that Don Gregoric and she were on splendid terms when dinner was announced. Mr. Earle was fain to sit by, and pretend to understand what was said, when he hardly knew a word of

When dinner was announced, the don stood up to offer his arm to the magnificent Julia, when Mr. Earle interposed, timidly: 'Ain't we a-goin' to wait for Claude, my

dear? 'E ought to be hin pretty soon."
"Oh! never mind Claude," was Miss Julia's reply. "They can keep some soup hot for him, but we can't let every thing else get cold for him. Come, pa. Take Marguerite down.

From which dialogue several things may be inferred.

First, that Claude Peyton was intimate enough already at that house to be called by his Christian name. Second, that the fair Julia was too much engrossed with her new conquest to think of her old beau. Third, that she did not care much for Claude just at present.

All which things were partly true. Claude was very intimate. Since he had brought Marguerite to Earle's house he had become more so than ever. When first the orphan girl arrived, Julia received her with effusion, and, as old Earle had said, the two girls became as "thick as pickpockets." But, somehow, after a week or so, the affection had cooled, and Marguerite was a great deal alone in her room. And Claude was so much occupied in fitting out the Avenger for sea, that he was seldom at home. he was, he was devoted to Marguerite. But the girl herself had begun to treat

him coldly, and the state of things was rapidly becoming unpleasant at the "Palms when Don Gregorio arrived to stir up the waters.

In a few moments more the party entered dining-room and took their seats at

Claude Peyton did not make his appearance till the dinner was over, and they were enjoying their dessert.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 92.)

The Mustangers: A TALE OF THE CROSS TIMBERS.

CHAPTER XXII. THE CHASE.

At the dawn of the next day a singular spectacle would have presented itself to the view of an observer in a balloon, had such been present, above the south-eastern extremity of the Cross Timbers.

Within the heart of that scrubby barrier, in a clearing evidently the work of art, was collected the camp of Tiger Tail's tribe, lodges pitched and fires burning, in complete security. An inpenetrable wall of wood surrounded them, all the secret openings of which were hidden behind screens of bush-

The camp of Tiger Tail was empty of warriors, and only full of squaws and chil-

The warriors of the tribe were gathered by the bank of the river, opposite to the band of Regulators, only about fifty strong,

on the opposite bank.

Miquelez, seeing his enemies divided, as the morning dawned, had sent back the news to Tiger Tail, who had brought down all his warriors, now reduced to about a hundred and thirty, to dispute the river pas-sage, and chastise the borderers, if he could. But in the rear of these again, and entire-

ly unsuspected, was a third party. This consisted of Sheriff Hays, Colonel Magoffin, his nephew and niece, Edward Thornley and Wash Carrol, the latter pale and weak-looking, from fatigue and loss of

This party was slowly approaching the scene of action from the direction of the corral of the mustangers. That corral remained intact, the Indians having neglected to stampede its inmates as yet, and Thorn-ley had availed himself of the fact to provide fresh horses for himself, the colonel, and Eugene, the two last of whom had lost their own animals in the fight the evening

Thornley had selected the best horse that was left for himself—the very steel-gray stal-lion which Debar had failed to capture the day before. He knew from its appearance that it must be speedy, and he fancied that, very probably, he might yet have to try a hard race with the desperate Miquelez, be

fore Tennie was regained. During the night he had learned the true character of his late partner and made up his mind to capture him with the lasso, at any risk, and so win worship in the eyes of Louisiana Dupre.

The young lady had smiled on him, when

she heard the news he had to tell, about the discovery of her cousin Tennie. Thornley felt that he would sacirifice his life cheer fully for such another smile from those So that, when he rode cautiously forward

with the brightening dawn, it was with a thrill of inexpressible joy that he realized, as he looked down from the last knoll between him and the river, that the game was

There lay the river below him, and the Indians were all dismounted on the near bank, their horses standing behind the shelter of a motte, at least two hundred yards back. The only mounted persons were Tiger Tail and the dark murderer, Miquelez, and a single female figure. Thornley needed no diviner to tell him who that was. The girl was scated upon a mustang pony, her arms tied behind her, and secured on the animal's back by stout thongs of buffalo-hide. Thornley heard a low exclamation beside him, and turning, beheld Eugene Dupre close to him, his face pale as ashes, his eyes blazing, as he looked at the short, burly figure of Miquelez, and the gay robe of Tiger

Especially on the latter did the young man gaze with enmity, as he realized the doom to which his cousin Tennie was condemned, if he did not save her.

They were only about a quarter of a mile off now, and Eugene was about to spring forward without orders, when the sharp voice of Sheriff Hays retained him. "See here, young man," said Jack, stern-

ly; "you keep quiet till I give the word to move. I boss this job, and I'm not in the habit of making mistakes, either.' Eugene restrained his horse, though he looked longingly down toward the combat

that was about to commence "Now, boys," said the sheriff, quietly, 'spread along behind this crest, and don't a man move till I give the word. Then charge, and keep your fire, like they did at Bunker Hill, till you can see the whites of their

The borderers quietly obeyed the order, riding out into a thin skirmish-line behind the crest of the swell. There they waited, hidden away, till the sound of shots below announced that the fight was opened there Thornley, peeping cautiously over the brow of the hill, beheld the body of Regulators opposite riding down into the river, and opening fire on the Indians. The sight was inspiring and picturesque in the highest degree, as the bold horsemen, spreading out into a thin line of skirmishers, dashed into the water, the little puffs of white smoke shooting forth all along the line. The Indians, in a much thicker line, went running out of the motte on foot, to meet them, firing and yelling, and in two minutes

the fight became general. But it did not last long. As soon as the sheriff saw that the enemy was fairly engaged, and that the Indians were too busy to notice any thing, he gave the signal to charge; and down the hill swept his party—Hays himself far in advance of the foremost, on a thoroughbred charger, with a revolver in each hand At first the borderers charged silently down, in order to get as near as possible without being noticed, but the Indian sentry over the horses gave the alarm by firing his piece, and the whole line faltered in dis-

Then the Regulators, on both sides of the river, uttered a tremendous yell, and charg-

The Indians, taken in front and rear, and by surprise, offered not the shadow of resistance from that moment. With one accord they broke and fled toward their horses, with out firing a shot.

But Hays' party swooped down on the horses with a yell, and reached them long before their owners. The cracking of revolvers, shouts, curses and yells, made a per-fect Pandemonium of the river bank for some minutes, as the Seminoles, hemmed in on every side, and driven to desperation, sold their lives as dearly as they could In the midst of all the confusion, Edward

Thornley and Eugene Dupre were only sensible of three persons in the melee, and these were Tiger Tail, Miquelez, and Tennie Magoffin. At the very first yell of the borderers in the rear, Tiger Tail seized Tennie's rein, and turned both horses' heads to the westward. Miquelez cast a single glance backward, and

then set spurs to his black steed, and fled along with them. While Hays and the Regulators dashed into the fight with the Indians, Thornley and Eugene pressed forward, both with the same object, to catch Miquelez and his

Thornley knew that the Black Mustanger

es. From the level and falling ground all round, the Cross Timbers being the highest part of the country, this arrangement was effectual. The smoke from the fires was quite invisible on the prairie.

Tail; while he and Eugene were mounted on fresh animals. Away they went, at full speed on the track of the fugitives, Eugene brandishing a revolver, Thornley gathering the coils of the silent but deadly lasso in his

hand, as he went.

In three minutes more they were out of the fight, and rapidly gaining on the wearied

steeds of the fugitives Toward the west, the prairie was open for some miles, but then it ended abruptly in the main body of the Cross Timbers itself, the only outlet being a narrow passage between the timber and the river.
Toward this narrow passage did Miquelez and Tiger Tail direct their steps, carry-

ing with them their helpless prisoner.
Eugene Dupre uttered a violent curse of rage as he saw Tiger Tail look mockingly back at him, and wave his hand in triumph as he went. He dug his spurs into his ani-

mal until it seemed to fly, and felt himself creeping slowly but surely up. Behind him he could still hear the shouts and shots of the fight, and then it all faded away, as he put another mile between him and them. Thornley rode a little in advance, not urging his horse much at first, but still gaining, from superior speed. The further they went, the oftener Miquelez and Tiger Tail turned to look. They seemed to be trying to make up their minds to resist; and at last,

when they were within a quarter of a mile of the Timbers, both pulled up.

Miquelez pulled out a pistol, and held it close to Tennie Magoffin's head, shouting:

"Go back, you accursed fools, or I'll shoot

Eugene pulled up his horse in an instant, pale with fear.
"Let her go," he fairly yelled to the Portuguese; "let her go, and we won't follow

But Thornley never halted in his course, He came thundering on, with a tremendous shout, that so unsteadied the nerves of Miquelez, that he involuntarily turned the pisol on the person of the mustanger. fired hastily, and without aim, and the bul-let whistled harmlessly by Thornley's temple. The next minute down came Eugene at full speed, with presented pistol, firing shot after shot at the murderer.

One of them struck him lightly on the side, but the most of them passed him as idly as his own had done. Still, they whistled so closely that Miquelez gave way. He was a coward, after all, and the next minute showed it; for he turned his horse's head and fled, leaving Tiger Tail alone to

dispute the way. Tiger Tail drew up his horse, and leveled his rifle. He had no pistol, and but one barrel to his rifle.

As Thornley passed him by, only intent on Miquelez, the Indian snapped the weapon at him harmlessly, and the next moment Eugene Dupre ran his horse full tilt against the chief, sending horse and rider to the earth together, and falling over them him-

The last glimpse that Thornley caught of the two, they were rolling on the prairie, struggling like two dogs. Then he forgot all else, in the knowledge of the fact that his treacherous partner, Antonio Miquelez, alias Louis Lebar, was within lasso-distance. How carefully he wound the lasso round his head now! He would not have missed

that cast for a fortune. With a nervous swing, and a loud shout of anger, he finally flung it through the air, saw it hover a moment, in a perfect circle, over the murderer's head, and down over the shoulders of the doomed man it fell, pinioning his arms to his sides, as the lariat

tightened. The gray stallion was round on his hanches in a moment, under the powerful Spanish bit, and Antonio Miquelez was plucked from his saddle with the shock of a thunderbolt, and sent rolling over on the prairie, helpless and stunned, a prisoner at the end of a rope, to Edward Thornley, and as helpless as a baby.

He did not dare to stir a limb, although Thornley had halted. He knew that, long before he could get at his pistol, if he dared to try it, one touch of the spur would send the horse off, dragging him over the prairie like a log of wood, and beating his life out. "Throw away that pistol," shouted Thornley, sternly, keeping the lasso taughtly stretched, while he spoke; "drop it, or I'll

drag you into court as you are."
Without daring to say a word, the discomfited ruffian dropped the pistol, but then he began to beg and plead piteously.
"Oh! Edward Thornley," he said, "isn't this a hard trick to serve a comrade and

partner? What have I ever done to you that you should treat me so? To me, nothing," said Thornley, grave-'but you are a murderer, Antonio Miquelez, and here come your judges, the Regulators of Texas?"

for God's sake, Thornley!" screamed the frightened wretch, "don't give me up to them! They'll kill me without trial!" "What for?" asked Thornley, sternly; they hang only murderers and horse-thieves.

"I killed him only in self-defense!" shrieked Miquelez, desperately; "let me up, Edward Thornley, I say! What right have you to keep me here, curse you?" And as he spoke, hearing the horse-hoofs of the approaching Regulators, he struggled desperately to cast off the encircling noose of the lasso, in the mad hope of escaping to

the cover of the timber. But it was all in vain. He half-scrambled to his feet, only to be plucked back and dragged violently forward some fifty feet, as Thornley touched his horse with the spur. The yells for pity of the unhappy wretch faded into awe-stricken moans of pain and terror as he saw around him, when he halted, nothing but the pitiless, bearded faces of the Regulators,

tenance, that he recognized instantly as that of Baptiste Ledoux, a trapper of Louisiana, who knew him well. Then he realized that it was all over, as far as he was concerned; and he lay still

with a single dark, Indian-looking coun-

and sullen on the ground, awaiting his fate.

CHAPTER XXIII. HOW IT WAS ARRANGED.

WHEN Eugene Dupre rode into Tiger Tail so cavalierly, he forgot that, besides an empty pistol, he had no weapons what-

Tiger Tail went over, horse and all, and Eugene fell over him, and found himself ocked in the grasp of the athletic young Indian, who was trying to draw his knife. Dupre caught him by the throat with the left hand, and showered blows on the chief's head with the barrel of his pistol, as had ridden his horse all night, as also Tiger | fast and hard as he could lay them on.

But Eugene was but a slender youth, and

Tiger Tail was far the stronger.
The chief ducked his head, receiving the blows on the matted hair on his crown, and soon mastered the Creole, rolling him over on the prairie. Eugene struggled manfully and well. Finding he could make no im-pression with the pistol, he clung to the In-dian's neck, and endeavored to seize him

with his teeth, and to gouge his eyes out.
But Tiger Tail had already drawn his
knife; and wreathing his hand in Eugene's
hair, thrust back his head with a savage
growl, and lifted the knife to strike.

The Creole thought his last hour was The Creofe industry in the sast hour was come, when shouts, and the galloping of horses near by, disturbed the chief; and Tiger Tail wavered and looked up. With lightning rapidity, Eugene seized his opportunity, and grasped at the Indian's wrist with both hands, wrenching away the kife. At the same time, with a well-planted kick, as he lay on his back, he struck Tiger Tail on the stomach, and half rolled him off.

But even then the chief was too much for him, recovering the knife from where it lay on the ground, and again throwing himself desperately on Eugene.

The second time the blade gleamed aloft, and was descending on Eugene's breast, when the sharp crack of a pistol sounded close by.

close by.

Tiger Tail uttered a hideous yell, and

leaped up, falling over on his back on the grass, stone dead, the blood gushing from a hole over his heart. The next minute a hole over his heart. The next minute the clear, sharp voice of Sheriff Hays called out, as he galloped past:

Catch that horse! Eugene staggered to his feet, to see the Regulators rushing past him at full speed, in chase of Tennie Magoffin's mustang, which they caught at a hundred vards off

Eugene hurried up, and found them all standing round the prostrate body of Mi-quelez, who lay on his face, sullen and mo-One of the borderers had cut Tennie's bonds, and the girl welcomed his face, the only familiar one to her, with a burst of gladness that wonderfully elated simple

And now, by twos and threes, the Regulators came galloping up, followed by Colonel Magoffin and Louisiana Dupre, who had been watching the fight in safety, from the

Great were the rejoicings between the reunited cousins, as they met, and Thornley sighed deeply with involuntary envy, as he saw the kisses so freely bestowed upon the restored brother by Louie, who had seen his perilous struggle with the Indian chief. But Hays soon recalled them to a sense of the more terrible part of the business,

"Colonel Magoffin, you are aware, I suppose, that we have found the man after whom our band came here, Antonio Mi-quelez, the murderer of Mr. Oscar Peyton, of Louisiana. Here he is."

And he pointed to Miquelez. Two of the stalwart Regulators had dismounted, and raised him from the ground; while they tied his hands behind his back with a stout thong of deerskin. The pris-soner made no resistance, only he kept his eyes riveted on Louisiana Dupre, in a way that made her shiver. Colonel Magoffin

looked at him with disgust.

"I see the man," he said. "He has come out here to seek safety from his crimes, but God has directed me here to see him punished. I do not know him myself, but m nephew and niece recognize him perfectly "I do," assented Eugene, in a low voice.
"It is the same man who murdered poor Oscar Peyton, and threw him into the bayou. They went out shooting in company, and a charge of buckshot, with his mark stamped on them, was found in the poor fellow's back, when they recovered the body from the water. The sheriff has been hunting for him ever since."

"Are you willing to swear to this, young man?" asked Hays. "If so, we shall have a short trial. Bring the prisoner back, men." The whole party took up their homeward march to the motte where the fight had begun, where they found about twenty Indian prisoners, the sole survivors af the fight and

Here a court was organized, in regulator style, the lieutenant of the borderers acting as judge, and twelve of the men composing

The evidence was short and conclusive. Baptiste Ledoux and Eugene Dupre testified to finding the body of Oscar Peyton shot in the back with slugs, which were stamped with Miquelez's private mark The prisoner was asked if he had any

He scowled at Eugene, and answered;
"Not much. My time's come. I shot
Oscar Peyton, because I hated him. He
loved that young fool's sister, and so did I.
He was a soft milksop of a fellow, educated for the church, and she was engaged to be married to him. I swore that she never should, and she never shall. If you smart fellows hadn't come up when you did, I should have had her and her dainty cousin Now, curse you all! Do your worst! I've said my say."

There was a low murmur of disgust

around the circle, and the judge asked: "Is there any one here wants to say any thing why this fellow shouldn't be swung If so, let him speak now.'

There was no answer.

"Well, then," pursued the judge, "we'll take the votes of the jury. Nick Harding, what say you? Is this man guilty or not

"Guilty," replied the huge borderer addressed, in a deep, solemn voice:
"Tom Davis, Bill Sutton, Ed. Harrod," continued the judge, calling out the names of the different jurors, and putting the same

question to them in turn. Without a single dissenting voice, each man uttered his verdict in the same word, dreadful when heard at the close of a trial for murder:

Then followed a solemn silence, during which the judge looked at the prisoner, who trembled visibly. Then the judge said:

"Prisoner, you've been tried by prairie-law. You ain't had no chance to git off on

You killed the poor fellow, and a quibble. you owned up. I sentence you to be hung, right off, to that tree, and the Lord have mercy on your soul! This here court's closed."

And he rose from his seat on a fallen log, and stretched himself with great satisfac-

The Regulator jury yawned in chorus. It was old work to them "Come, colonel," said Hays, in a quiet tone to Magoffin; "let's be off to your shanty. My fellows will rush this funeral through without us. The ladies are not

used to this sort of thing."

Magoffin bowed, with a grateful look to the borderer for his considerate kindness; and turned away his horse.

"Come, Tennie. Come, Louie," he said, sadly. "Our little home is made desolate enough, I fear; but you are still left, my children, and that is much. Let us go."

They rade over the plain toward the de-

They rode over the plain toward the desolate ruins of the wagons and block-house, with sad hearts. In one day, all their little household goods had been scattered to the winds, and their negroes were all killed and scalped.

Wash Carrol rode with them, trying, in wash Carrol rode with them, trying, in his rough way, to console the colonel.

"Never mind, curnel," he said. "This hyar ain't as bad as it mout be. Yer all left alive, what's white; and me and my kumrad hyar, we'll buckle to and help yer. Besides, Curnel Hays and his boys ain't the fellers to let you stay here, without helpin' yer a bit, and ye kin scratch along till yer cotton's riz."

cotton's riz."

"Ah! Wash!" said Magoffin, sadly, "I have no hands now to raise cotton. I left the poor faithful fellows to defend themselves, and what's the consequence? were all butchered. If I had stayed there,

were all butchered. If I had stayed there, it might not have been."

"See hyar, curnel," said Wash, stoutly,
"I made yer do that ar'. Ef yer'd a-staid thar', you and Miss Tennie would 'a' b'en skulped. That's sartin. Now, here's Sheriff Hays 'll tell you what to do."

"I think, colonel," said Hays, "that there is no need to despair. You have lost all your negroes and three empty wagons, but the Indians had no time to touch the stuff in the block-house and your cattle were quite

the block-house, and your cattle were quite uninjured when I saw them. My fellows and I will help you finish your block-house and stockade, and you can turn stock-farmer, if you will. It needs very few hands, and you will have all these Indian ponies, and your own cattle to commence with and your own cattle to commence Many a man has come to riches in Texas,

with no trouble, on smaller beginnings."
"And, colonel," said young Thornley, blushing, "if you wouldn't think it a liberty, Wash Carrol and I will join stocks with you, and make a big corral for all our horses together. Poor Wash is too badly hurt to be able to travel with me to Nacogdoches; and I think that if we break these mustangs to harness, we can sell them for a good price, even if we have to ship them as far as St. Louis or Cincinnati."

As Thornley said this his heart beat hard for fear of a refusal; and he carefully avoided looking at Louie Dupre, the very one on whose account the proposition was made. Colonel Magoffin made no reply for some time, and Thornley began to fear he was to be refused, when, glancing at the colonel, he observed the big warrior's face work-

Magoffin rode alongside presently, and

"Mr. Thornley," he said, in a choked voice, "I see your kindness, and I thank you for it. Sir, you are a true gontleman. But I can not consent that you should forego your prospects in life to help an old man, who has nothing left in the world now but his daughter and niece. It would not

"And I tell you, sir," said Thornley, obstinately, "that I have made up my mind to settle here for good and all, even if I have to live alone with old Wash here."

"Yes, curnel," said that worthy himself.
"Me and Ed, we hev fixed it, quite permiscus, as I may say. We're a goin' to settle down hyar, like a kupple o' jolly bachelors, seein' as the plains is ruined for huntin' anyway, and it's settle or move on with us, all the time. I'm gettin' e'en a'most tired o' the time. I'm gettin' e'en a'most tired o' movin', and having folkses comin' arter me all the time; so hyar I stay.

Finally Magoffin gave in to the plan, with much gratitude; and the very same day

operations were commenced.

What fourteen pair of hands had begun, over a hundred finished. Knowing Jack Hays even impressed the Indian prisoners into the work of hauling logs to finish the block-house, and inclosing a point of the river with a strong stockade. The Indians were only too glad to purchase their liberty by a few days' work, and a week after every thing was complete.

A strong block-house of green wood, perfectly fireproof, and sodded to make it more so, towered at the corner of a strong-spiked stockade, loopholed all along the top, with a bank of earth thrown up inside, for the

defenders to stand on. A tract of nearly a hundred acres was inclosed as a corral, with strong snake fence, strengthened at the corners, while the animals could be driven within the stockade at The two mustangers drove their night. captured animals with but little trouble, by twos and threes, into the outside corral, and then the Regulators left them in peace and

Their own task still remained to them. being nothing less than the transportation of Tiger Tail's predatory band back to the Seminole reservation in the Indian Territory. This they accomplished without any more difficulty, for the spirit of the few surviving warriors was broken by their late

Besides, there were so many squaws to choose from and to work for their fortunate lords, that the remnant of the warriors bid fair to live in clover. All the captured horses, however, except sufficient for the absolute necessities of the Indians, were turned into Colonel Magoffin's corral, to compensate him from his losses.

The poor negroes and the brave overseer were buried decently. As Wash Carrol stood by Strother's grave, he emphatically remarked .

You war a man, neighbor; you war. never see'd a better in all the skrimmages I ever fit in. You smashed out their durned brains wi' yer bar' hands, and that's more

nor most men kin say."
What more is there to tell? Any of our readers must surmise the truth by this time. How sweet Louie Dupre, in course of time. so far forget her grief for the lost Oscar, as to look without displeasure on the silent, earnest homage of Edward Thornley, and at last to own a fluttering feeling of liking, regard, pity, friendship, love, in gradual succession, for that happy individual. How Thornley made a trip to the States, and returned, with all his worldly belongings invested in blood horses and cattle, to improve the common stock. How the stock increased and multiplied, year by year, till Magoffin's ranche numbered its herds by the thousand. How Eugene became an ardent stock-raiser, and finally married pretty Tennie Magoffin, and became the father of a stock of a different kind, while Wash Carrol was "master

of the horse.' All this and more too, my readers can imagine, and still be short of the mark. Mrs. Edward Thornley, nee Dupre, is quite

cheerful now, and often thanks Heaven for the chance that brought her in contact with honest Wash Carrol and her husband, and saved her from The Black Mustanger.

Laura's Peril:

THE WIFE'S VICTORY

A STORY OF LOVE, FOLLY, AND REPENTANCE.

BY BARTLEY T. CAMPBELL, AUTHOR OF "IN THE WEB," "OUT IN THE WORLD,"

CHAPTER VIII.

ALL ABOUT LOVE. WHEN John Nevin reached the hotel, he

found Mabel and Alice talking to George Dalby on the veranda.

"Here's Nevin," said the latter, as John approached. "Now, to use Cuttle's words, he can give us 'an opinion as is an opinion."

On what?" asked John. Love, of course—the one divine passion that rules the universe." "I'm but a novice in such matters," and

John Nevin smiled as he answered. "That's all well enough for you to say, but possibly Madame Robsart thinks you an adept."

Dalby was laughing as he said this, in a careless, free and easy way, as he said every thing, and did not notice how John Nevin's brow darkened, nor how livid Alice Houston's face became.

Mabel did, though, and she knit her brows, and looked hard at Dalby. He saw at once he was sailing in dangerous waters, and he determined on getting into deep soundings at once, and so he con-

"We were talking about Mrs. Browning's poem, 'Loved Once,' and while the young ladies here have clung to the poet's assertion, that true love never passes away, I have maintained that a man may madly love a woman to-day, and to-morrow view her charms with indifference, or even, in

extreme cases, with aversion."

John Nevin thought of Laura, and said:

"I hardly agree with you, Dalby. Love is a sort of infatuation—it is hard to cure, no matter how unreasonable it may be, or how disagreeable the consequences."

"But should you discover the object of your devotion to be wholly unworthy, you don't mean to say that love outlives re-Alice had her black, glowing eyes fixed full on John Nevin's face, as he answered:

"Most assuredly not; respect and admiration are the source of love. If these be dried up, the tender plant perishes for lack of nourishment." Then you agree with Mr. Dalby that

Mrs. Browning is in error, when she says, 'he never loved who says "I loved once." It was Alice who spoke, and she addressed

herself to John.

He replied: "Yes, I take sides against the poet, but I agree with the other poet, Tennyson, when he says: 'Tis better to have loved and lost, Than never to have loved at all."

The conversation was interrupted, at this point, by the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Houston. The former brought a letter for Mabel, from Joe Dormer, and excusing herself, she ran up-stairs to her room, to read the precious missive.

It was a lengthy epistle, covering eight pages of large-sized letter-paper, and it was full of tender words, prettily put. Joe's handwriting and diction had improved wonderfully, and he informed her now that he had become quite a politician and his friends were urging him to enter the

canvass for Assembly.

"I work all day in the mines," he wrote,
"and at night I study hard, and think of my
dear little girl in the States, whom I am
trying, ever so hard, to make myself worthy of."

He concluded by asking her for her pic-ture, by return mail, and mentioning that Adam spoke of her every day, and hoped

soon to see her again.

She kissed the letter, and forgot in her rapture all the fine speeches of George Dalby.

She was sitting by an open window, looking out into the night, with Joe's letter open in her lap, when Alice came up-stairs.
"What does Joe say?" she asked.

"That he is doing grandly; and that he is going to the legislature; and better still, e is coming home soon!

Alice did not seem to hear the reply, for she threw herself at full length upon the bed, and broke out into a fit of sobbing

"Why, Alice, dear, what is the matter?"
"Oh, I don't know; everybody seems to be happy, but me."
"What has happened?"

"Did anybody say any thing to you?" "Was it John?"

Alice almost screamed, and Mabel knew now what she had guessed all along—that She did not attempt to console her at

once; she knew tears were a good panacea for an aching heart; but after the first gust had blown by, she said : 'John is very queer in his ways; still, I believe he loves you. But there is that woman—Laura.

not cold to her,"--with a sob-" and Mabel everybody knows she can wrap him around her fingers. Dalby said as much, a while

'Dalby says so many things that he is scarce worth the minding. I believe John Nevin is a man of honor, and whatever influence this wicked woman may have upon him now, I don't think he will refuse to fulfill his engagement with you.'

Alice put up her hands deprecatingly.
"Oh, Mabel! how can you talk so?"
"Talk so! What do you mean?" "You don't think I would have John Nevin's hand, if his heart belonged to that

woman? You surely could not think so Mabel did not reply. She felt that she was wholly unfit for a counsellor in such a

desperate strait. But, after a moment's silence, she replied: "If I were you, I would tell Captain Houston the whole story, and he can inform John of the effect of his conduct; perhaps that will bring matters to a crisis

"No; I could never do that, either," sighed Alice. "Better let events shape their own course; we must not do any thing -can not do any thing, but wait."
Young as Mabel was, she felt she could

not sit idly by, and see her dearest friend suffer, and while she loosened the silken braids of Alice's hair, that night, she thought out a plan, which only required daylight to put it into execution.

Long after Alice had sobbed herself to sleep, Mabel lay wide awake, thinking out what she should say to Laura Robsart in the morning.

the morning.

CHAPTER IX. A MEETING.

LAURA'S shrick rung through Rockledge sharp, wild, piercing, and brought the ser vants pell-mell to the colonnade, closely fol lowed by Elton Robsart.

"What's wrong?" he asked, excitedly.
"What's wrong here?"
"The young Missus has fainted," replied
Price, the steward. "Somethin's scared

her."
They carried her into the drawing-room, and bathed her temples and wrists with

With the first gleam of returning con-sciousness she realized the situation, and with her ready wit and iron will, prepared to meet it boldly. "What was it, Laura, darling? What

frightened you?"

She smiled up into the old man's face.

"A nasty ugly bat flew right in my eyes.

It was very weak and absurd to faint about so trivial a matter, but it scared me terribly

You know, Papa Robsart, I'm such a baby She wound her white arms about the old man's neck, and he bent over and kissed her, as he would a petted child. That night Laura Robsart sat at her chamber window, and wondered what had

brought Gilbert Rook's wife to America

and wondered, too, why she should be blamed for stealing Gilbert Rook's heart. "I'm sure I never gave him the slightest encouragement," she muttered, "and I would now give a good round sum if some-body would induce both of them to cross the Atlantic, and leave me alone. God knows I have enough to conceal; enough to guard, without having them to torment me -he with his protestations of love, and she

with her threats of vengeance.' She looked up at the moon, now sailing bright in the heavens, at the stars twinkling like myriads of diamonds, and then at the sea, on which the moonlight lay like silver sea, on which the mooning it may like shiver sheets; and while she gazed, another vision arose in her mind, of a lonely cabin nestling beneath the snow-capped Sierras; of a struggle in the night, and then she covered

with the gaping wound in the neck.

"Oh, Heavenly Father! Can I never forget—never forget? Is there no such thing as Lethe to be found anywhere?"

She meaned alwals in second 1.

She moaned aloud in agony. It was almost midnight when she shut down her window at last, and threw herself upon her bed, and it was late the next morning when she came down to breakfast. She had not yet finished her meal, when a servant came

"If madam pleases, there's a young lady in the drawin' room, as wishes to see you when you are at leisure."

She got up at once. Her appetite was not a craving one, and, after smoothing her hair, and shaking out the ample folds of her morning-wrapper, she tripped into the long, cool drawing room.
As she entered, Mabel Lynn arose, and

the two women looked into each other's eyes.
Laura Robsart's heart stood still, and she Laura Robert's heart stood still, and she felt herself growing faintish and weak. Clutching at a chair, she managed to say:

"I have been very ill, excuse me—I—I feel faint. Did you wish to see me, miss?"

The tall mirrors, which lined that splendid apartment, reflected two faces that bore

striking resemblance to each other; deed, so much so, that the owners of both were considerably abashed. Mabel was the first to recover. You will excuse me, madam, for intru-

ding on your privacy; but when you learn my motive, I trust you will not consider my mission either unlady-like or obtrusive.

"Go on—speak freely."
Mabel hung down her head. She did not know how to begin. Finally she managed You know John Nevin?"

"Yes, very well."
Laura was calm, now, as a summer sea;
she had control of every nerve and muscle

He met you in Europe?" "Yes," with a smile.
"And fell in love with you?" Laura lifted her brows in affected sur-

"Really, I could not say you are correct. The gentleman has not been so frank as But it's true; and you, madam-you

must know it."
"Must I?" "Yes, you must!" Mabel was getting angry at this fencing and banter. "He was here last evening, and the night before."
"You seem to keep a strict watch upon Mr. Nevin's comings and goings. Is he any

thing to you?"
"No; nothing in the world." "Then why are you so interested in where he spends his evenings?" Because John Nevin is already engaged to his cousin Alice.'

Laura bit her lip, and, after a pause, said "Well, what have I got to do with all this? I'm not John Nevin's keeper." 'No; but you can make a good, pure girl supremely happy, if you only will."

Mabel spoke pleadingly, and she noticed

that the iceberg was beginning to melt.
"What would you have me do?" "Discard John Nevin," replied Mabel, promptly. "Tell him, when he comes again, that you have heard of his engagement to his cousin; that you do not love him a bit,

and that, if he can not be true to one wo-man, he can not be to another." "And why should I do this?"
"Why should you do this? Because, if you don't, between you and him, you'll break

Alice Houston's heart." 'And what's to repay me for this sacrifice—am I to give all, and get nothing?"

It did look, even to Mabel, a little hard that the sacrifice should be altogether on one side, and, at a loss for any thing better to

say, she replied:
"The pleasure that always follows the doing of a noble action will reward you.' A silence fell upon the two women. At length, Laura asked:

Did Miss Alice know of your coming?" "No-no one does." Laura did not speak again for a moment; then she said: "And, suppose I do this for you-will

you think well of me for it?"

"If you do this, you deserve to be thought well of, and I will pray for you as long as I live, night and morning." Tears were gathering in Laura's eyes, as

she added : "I will do this thing-this thing you ask of me. For your sake—mind, for you."
"God bless you!" exclaimed Mabel, catching Laura's hand and kissing it. "You are

not a bad woman—you are an angel."

Laura Robsart wound her arms tightly about Mabel, and replied, through blinding "Think of me always as unfortunate, but

not wicked; more sinned against than sin-They parted then, but, ere Mabel left the

room, Laura asked her her name:
"Mabel Lynn," was the reply. "Not hard to remember." "No, not hard." Laura bowed and smiled, and when the

retreating footfalls died away, she for a moment stood like a statue of whitest marble, there, where they had parted, her great blue eyes full of a yearning, agonizing light.
"Oh, come back to me, Mabel Lynn," she
cried, at length, through ashen lips. "Come

back to me, vision of youth and beauty! She fell upon her face on the carpet, and showered kisses on the spot where Mabel Lynn had stood but a moment since!

ISE TOVICHAPTER X. TATERYAM

DROWNED. At noon, on that same day, Gilbert Rock's body was washed ashore, about a quarter of a mile south of Rockledge. It was found, with the wreck of his boat, and, naturally enough, everybody supposed that there had been a capsize, and this was the result—a lifeless body, with matted hair, leering eyes,

and open mouth. The news spread like wildfire, far and near, and finally reached the ears of Sarah

Rook-his wife. She came down the shore, beating her hands together like cymbals, and shricking: "I knew it would come to this! I knew it would—I knew it would!"

But, when she had elbowed her way through the dense throng, and caught sight of the ruin death had made, she turned black in the face, and, shaking her fist at Rockledge, cried: Twas all her doings-the painted, beau-

tiful devil; 'twas all her doings."

Sarah Rook was dark enough at best—looked a great deal like a gipsy; but now her black eyes glistened like glass, and the hot blood flushed all her face, a glowing, darksome crimson.

"The woman's growing crazy," remarked gentleman to another at his elbow. Her quick ear caught the remark.
"No, I'm not. The woman ain't going crazy either; though, God knows, I've had enough to make a half-dozen women crazy." Then she fell upon the ugly heap—all wet, and slimy, and bloated, and sobbed hysteri-

As the sun went down that evening, Gil-

bert Rook was buried. Only a few curious people stood at the grave beside Sarah Rook.

She was silent now; her very white teeth were set hard together, and her brownish hands, on which bright diamonds sparkled, were locked together, as tightly as if they had been welded fast.

The yellow clods rattled noisily upon the coffin-lid; the woman stared into the yawning grave; the sun dropped lower and lower, and the spectators, awe-struck, stole silently, one by one, away,

When the sexton had finished his work, Sarah Rook turned away, too, with a dumb, tearless agony in her face, that made her ook actually frightful.
"Mrs. Rook. Say, Mrs. Rook!"
She looked around, and met the gaze of a

coarse, middle-aged man.
"Well, what do you want?" He was unprepared for the query; it was so cold and blunt, it confused him.

"I'm sorry for your trouble," he said. She scanned his face closely; it was not a very sympathetic face. "Well," she said, "what good does that

do ?"

"I thought mebbe-" She interrupted him—
"It would bring him to life, eh? No, sorrow won't do that; its a very weakish thing, sorrow is; it will neither restore life nor give revenge."
"But mine may," he said, quickly.

"What? Restore life?" " No, give revenge." She grasped him by the arm, never noticing that he was a rough, uncouth, unshaven man, whom she would have avoided once, as if his ugliness and roughness was conta-

"What do you know that will give me revenge on her? Speak out! You have a tongue, have you not?" "Don't go on that way," he said. "You act like a bedlamite, and if you're mad, I don't want to have any thing to do with

"I'm as sane as you are; I hear every word you say; but my blood is on fire, and you tantalize me with your cool words and ambiguous expressions. Why don't you

He looked down at the diamonds on her fingers.
"My information cost me a good deal,
"My information cost me a good deal, and it's worth something, I suppose; leastwise, it ought to be." "You want money," she said, divining

the fellow's meaning at once. much ? "Oh, I don't know; what ever you think is right. Her lips curled at this shallow appeal to her generosity. "It is not a question of right," she replied. "You know something

hat can be used against this woman; I am willing to buy the secret. Do I understand "Perfectly." "Then, as I said before, what is your

price? Well, one of them diamond rings to start on, and say five hundred dollars when

Sarah Rook's eyes fairly blazed as she asked, "Convicted of what?"
"Murder!" he hoarsely whispered.
She slipped of the lawset dismond or the She slipped off the largest diamond and placed it in his hand.

"It's a bargain," she said with her white s. "When will I see you again?" lips. "To-night." "Where?" "On the beach where he was found." "At what hour?"
"Midnight."

It was agreed upon.

(To be continued-commenced in No. 95.)

THE LOAFER TO HIS PURSE.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

The day of thy destiny's over,
And thy contents hath long since declined,
And my fingers refuse to discover
The bills there they often could find.
With my pocket thou wert long acquainted,
And shrunk not in sharing with me,
And the joy which my spirit hath painted.
It never hath found but in thee.

Though the hope of a last rock is shivered,
And nary a cent could I save—
Though I feel that my lips are delivered
To thirst thou art no more my slave.
There is many a dun to pursue me;
They may sue, but they shall not condemn;
Although not a dollar is due me,
'Tis of thee that I think, not of them.

Yet I blame not my purse, nor despise it,
Since its contents are faded and gone;
My soul is well fitted to prize it,
Because of the good it has done.
And fifty cents once did it cost me—
Far more than I now can well see,
Yet, Purse, whatever fate lost me
It could not deprive me of thee!

Dear pledge of the past which hath perished!
This much I at least may recall—
Thou hast taught me that which I most cherished
Can nevermore come back at all.
In the bar-room the lager is springing;
There's none of it springing for me!
On the counter a Dutchman is singing,
And—I'm broken in spirit for thee!

Fairy Stories.

Margaret and the Silver Bell.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

MARGARET arose very early in the morning and did up her work as speedily and tidily as possible, so that she might be ready in time for the fair.

When it was done she put on her white when it was done she put on her white skirt and little scarlet boddice, made her brown curls smooth and glossy, and tied them with a scarlet ribbon. She smiled back at the lovely image which smiled at her from her little cracked looking-glass, but it was not a smile of vanity, for Margaret brown her beautypes and the same house tracked looking and the same house tracked looking and the same house tracked looking and the same knew her beauty was only a gift from the good Father, and was thankful for it, not

proud of it.
She took the little silver bell the Fairy Queen had given her, and, lest she should lose it in her pocket, put it into her bosom for safe-keeping, and set off with aunt Gretchen for the fair.

They followed the path through the grand old woods, crossed the silver stream on the rustic bridge and entered the great highway among the groups of people in holiday-dresses, who were also going to the fair. After a while they came to the great town, where every thing was a scene of gayety and confusion. Simple Margaret was bewildered by the strangeness of all she saw, and kept tight hold of aunt Gretchen's hand until aunt Gretchen left her, to join a group of her friends, and Margaret found herself standing all alone in the midst of that great crowd of strange people. She was much frightened at first, but soon gained courage and began to look about her again.

She saw a great many young girls of her own age, but they were all beautifully robed in gay dresses, and wore gold chains and rings, and some of them sat in fine carriages with prancing horses in front.

"Ah, what a pleasant life is their's," said Margaret, with a sigh, "while I have to toil so hard and dress so plainly! Why should they have all the good things, and I none?" Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle! went a little silver

chime, so soft and sweet and close to Margaret that no one else heard it-but she did and knew it, too. She quickly put her hand up to her bosom, where she had hidden the little silver bell.

'Ah, my good little fairy-friend," said ungrateful to envy these gay girls, and if I think evil thoughts I shall lose you. Come, now, I have as many limbs, and as fair a form, and can run about as freely as any of these here; and I can enjoy all these gay sights and sounds as well as the best of them, and when I am tired I have a home to go to and food to refresh me. What more do I want?" So she smiled again as pleasantly as usual, and went contentedly about, looking at the beautiful things in the fair.

And though Margaret did not know it, the sight of her sweet, contented face, with its happy smile, gave pleasure to more than one sad heart who chanced to glance at her. So you see, even a cheerful smile may do good sometimes, while a fretful, discontented countenance never did good or gave

pleasure to anybody.

After a while a lovely lady, whom every one stopped to gaze upon, came through the crowd, and as she passed Margaret, a beautiful golden bracelet dropped from her arm and fell at Margaret's very feet.

No one else saw it, but Margaret stooped

and picked it up, looking at it with admiring eyes. 'Ah, this splendid bracelet! I never had any thing half so beautiful in my life! How

pretty it would look on my arm!" said she.
"I believe it would just fit, too!" She slipped the golden links over her round wrist, and sure enough the bracelet

"Why should I not keep it?" whispered Margaret. "I found it, and no one could say it is not mine. Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle! went the little silver bell again, but more softly this time, and

with some thing sad in its tone Margaret quickly unclasped the bracelet. "Oh, what am I doing?" she cried. "Such a wicked thing would make me lose my

fairy-friend forever! I must hasten to find She ran through the crowd, found the lady a few steps away, and gave her the

"Thank you, my good girl," said the lady, with a sweet smile; "I see you are good as well as fair, or you would have kept my bracelet. I have left my purse at home but see, I will give you this," she added drawing a gold ring from her finger, and offering it to Margaret.

But the young girl drew back, and said she did not want any reward. Nay, then, you must wear it, for my sake, and to remember me by," said the lady, with another sweet smile, still extend-

ing the ring. So then Margaret took it, thanked the lady very prettily, and slipped it on her finger, very proud and glad indeed to have any thing so beautiful

And as she turned away to let the lady pass on, the little bell in her bosom tinkled a soft, merry little peal, as if it were quite satisfied and contented with what she had

After a while the sun began to drop behind the western hills, and the people to go home. Margaret searched everywhere for

aunt Gretchen, but could not find her. So, at last, fearing to wait until night came on, the young girl set off home alone.

But it was later than she thought, and she did not know the path through the forest, so she lost her way just as the darkness set

Poor Margaret was much alarmed, and at first did not know what to do. She wandered hither and thither in search of the path and was ready to weep at the prospect of having to spend the long night alone in the dark forest, when suddenly she bethought herself of her little silver bell, and, taking it from her bosom, she rung a loud, clear peal, which sounded through the arches of the forest, and died softly away among the distant hills.

Almost instantly the air around grew softly luminous, so that Margaret could see the way quite plainly; sweet, low strains of music fell on her ear, and presently she saw that she was surrounded by a host of little, flying spirits, while directly in front of her stood the golden-crowned, purple-robed Queen of the Fairies.

"Well!" said her little majesty, gayly, "I told you we would come if you rang your bell. Now, I suppose you want us to take you safely home?"

"Yes, please. I have lost my way," said

Margaret. "But you need not have been frightened, for we were watching over you, and only waiting for your summons. Give your hand to Little Mustard Seed there, and we will lead you safely out of the forest.

Margaret gladly gave her hand to a sharp little fairy, who fluttered along at her side, and they went merrily on through the old "And did you have a pleasant time at the

fair, to-day?" asked the queen.
"Oh, yes! Everything was so beautiful!
And, see, how rich I have grown! A lady gave me this splendid ring for finding a bracelet she lost. Now I have a silver bell and a golden ring. Am I not rich?" "Quite rich, if you make a good use of

It had been an unusally hot day, even for the latitude—Central America—one of those days when it requires an absolute ef-fort to move, much less work.

Such being the case, the chain and com-pass were laid by, and all hands sought such

pass were laid by, and all hands sought such diversion as best suited their fancies.

Tom Didlake suggested an hour or so on the river, where, beneath the interlacing boughs overhead, that completely shut out the rays of the sun, we might find a degree of codiness not to be hoped for on land. The idea suited, and in a few minutes we were in the broad-bottom scow, which we

were in the broad-bottom scow, which we pushed out into the sluggish current, if current it could be called, and permitted to drift as it saw proper.

The change was not much for the better, though we did fancy that, once in a while, a faint puff of air came stealing up from below, and with delusion we were satisfied. How long we floated thus I know not.

I remember seeing, as though in a dream, Didlake drop back against the stern-sheets.

Didlake drop back against the stern-sheets, fast asleep, and then I must instantly have followed his example, for I recollect nothing more for some time, until awakened suc denly, and in a manner far from agreeable The first sensation on returning, or parti

ally returning to consciousness, was that of oppression, almost of suffocation.

The very air I breathed seemed thick with some subtle, though fearfully offensive odor.

In vain I tried to shake off the nightmare,

for such I supposed it to be. The weight upon my chest grew heavier my breath came and went in labored gasps in a word, I felt that I was smothering, and with a desperate effort, I gave a violent start, arose to a sitting posture, and opened my eyes upon a scene that certainly won't fade from memory very soon.

The scow had drifted into shore, and lodged against the projecting root of a large tree, the branches of which hung down, al-

most touching the water.

Didlake lay as I had last seen him, fast asleep, and evidently suffering as I had done
Between us, descending from amid the

Short Stories from History.

Kosciusko.—One of the saddest, yet most interesting of personal histories, is that of Kosciusko, the Pole, of whom the poet

"Hope for a season bade the world farewell,"
And Freedom shricked when Kosciusko fell."
The virtuous hero of Poland—virtuous in the highest and noblest sense—Thaddeus Kosciusko, was born in Lithuania, and educated at Warsaw. When very young, he was informed that the Americans were prewas informed that the Americans were pre-paring to shake off the yoke of Britain. His ardent and generous mind caught with en-thusiasm the opportunity thus afforded for aspiring genius, and from that moment he became the devoted soldier of liberty. His rank in the American army afforded him no opportunity greatly to distinguish himself. But he was remarked throughout his service for all the qualities which adorn-ed the human character. His heroic valor

ed the human character. His heroic valor in the field, could only be equaled by his moderation and affability in the walks of private life. He was idolized by the soldiers for his bravery, and beloved and respected by the officers for the goodness of his heart, and the great qualities of his mind.

Contributing greatly by his exertions, to the establishment of the Independence of America, he might have remained and

America, he might have remained and shared the blessings it dispensed, under the protection of a chief who loved and honored him, and in the bosom of a people whose independence he had so bravely fought to achieve: but Kosciusko had other views he had drank deep of the principles of the American Revolution, and he wished to procure the same advantages for his native country-for Poland, which had a claim to

all his efforts, to all his services.

That unhappy nation groaned under a complication of evils which has scarcely a parallel in history. The mass of the people were the abject slaves of the nobles; the nobles, torn into factions, were alternately the instruments and victims of their power-

with unlimited powers, until the enemy

should be driven from the country.
Without funds, without magazines, without fortresses, Kosciusko maintained his army for nine months against forces infinitely superior. Poland then only existed in his camp. Devotedness made up for the want of resources, and courage supplied the deficiency of arms; for the general had im-parted his noble character to all his soldiers. Like him, they knew no danger, they dreaded no fatigues, when the honor and liberty of Poland were depending; like him, they endeavored to lessen the sacrifices which were required of the inhabitanis for nationwere required of the inhabitanis for national independence; and their obedience to their venerated chief was the more praise worthy as it was voluntary. He held his authority by no other tenure than that of his virtues. Guided by his talents, and led by his valor, his undisciplined and ill-armed militia charged with effect the veteran Russians and Prussians; the mailed cuirassiers of the great Frederick, for the first time, broke and fled before the cavalry of Poland. Hope filled the breasts of the patriots. After a long night, the dawn of an apparently glorious day broke upon Poland. But, to the discerning eye of Kosciusko, the light which it shed was of that sickly and portentous appearance, which indicated a storm more dreadful than that which he had remore dreadful than that which he had re-

He prepared to meet it with firmness, but

with means entirely inadequate.

In addition to the advantages of numbers, of tactics, of discipline, and inexhaustible resources, the combined despots had secured a faction in the heart of Poland. The unequal struggle could not be long maintained, and the day at length came, which was to decide the fate of Poland and its hero. Heaven, for wise purposes, determined that it should be the last of Polish liberty. It was decided, indeed, before the battle commenced. The traitor, Poniski, who, covered with a detachment the advance of the Polish army, abandoned his position

to the Polish army, abandones, to the enemy, and retreated.

Kosciusko was astonished, but not dismayed. The disposition of his army would mayed. The honor to Hannibal. The suchave done honor to Hannibal. The succeeding conflict was terrible. When the talents of the general could no longer direct the mingled mass of combatants, the arm of the warrior was brought to the aid of his soldiers. He performed prodigies of

The fabled prowess of Ajax, in defending the Grecian ships, was realized by the Polish. Nor was he badly seconded by his troops. As long as his voice could guide, or his example fire their valor, they were irresistible. In this unequal contest, Kosciusko was long seen, and finally lost to their view. He fell, covered with wounds; and a Cossack was on the point of piercing one of the best hearts that ever warmed a virtuous bosom, when an efficer interposed

"Suffer him to execute his purpose," said the bleeding hero; "I am the devoted soldier of my country, and will not survive its

The name of Kosciusko struck to the heart of the Tartar, like that of Marius upon the Cimbrian warrior. The uplifted

weapon dropped from his hand.

Kosciusko was conveyed to the dungeons of Petersburg; and, to the eternal disgrace of the Empress Catherine, she made him the object of her vengeance, when he could no longer be the object of her fears. But the Emperor Paul, on his accession to the throne, thought he could not grant the Polish nation a more acceptable favor, than to restore to liberty the hero whom they regretted. He himself announced to General gretted. He himself announced to General Kosciusko, that his captivity was at an end. He wished him to accept, moreover, a present of fifty thousand ducats of Holland; but the general refused it. Kosciusko preferred rather to depend for subsistence on the recompense to which his services in America had entitled him.

With this humble fortune, obtained in so honorable a way, he lived for a while in the United States; then in France, near Fontainbleau, in the family of Zeltner; and, lastly, in Switzerland. From that time, he refused to take any part in the affairs of his country, for fear of endangering the national tranquility, the offers that were made to him, being accompanied with no sufficient guarantee

Bonaparte often endeavored to draw Kosciusko from his retirement, and once issued an address to the Poles in his name; but, though the virtuous general still loved his country, he well knew that its emancipation could not be achieved under such au-

Though an exile from his country, the Poles still considered themselves as his children; and presented with just pride to other nations, that model of the virtues of their country, that man so pure and upright—so great at the head of an army, so modest in private life, so formidable to his enemies in battle, so humane and kind to the vanquished, and so zealous for the glory and inde-pendence of his country. In the invasion of France, in 1814, some

Polish regiments in the service of Russia, passed through the village where this exiled patriot then lived. Some pillaging of the inhabitants brought Kosciusko from his cot-

tage.
"When I was a Polish soldier," said he, addressing the plunderers, "the property of the peaceful citizen was respected."
"And who art thou?" said an officer, "who addresses us with a tone of authori-

"I am Kosciusko." There was magic in the word. It ran from corps to corps, The march was suspended. They gathered round him, and gazed with astonishment and awe upon the mighty ruin

Could it indeed be their hero," whose fame was identified with that of their coun-A thousand interesting reflections burst upon their minds; they remembered his patriotism, his devotion to liberty, his triumphs, and his glorious fall. Their iron hearts were softened, and the tear of sensibility trickled down their weather-beaten faces. We can easily conceive what would be the feelings of the hero himself in such a scene. His great heart must have heaved with emotion, to find himself once more sur-

rounded by the companions of his glory. He was himself, alas! but a miserable cripple; and, for them! they were no longer the soldiers of liberty, but the instruments of ambition and tyranny. Overwhelmed with grief at the reflection, he would retire to his cottage, to mourn afresh over the mise-

ries of his country.

Kosciusko died at Soleure, on the 15th of October, 1817. A fall from his horse, by which he was dragged over a precipice not far from Vevay, was the cause of his



Laura's Peril. (SEE PAGE 7.)

your gifts," replied the Fairy Queen. "You. must remember, dear Margaret, they came to you as the rewards of goodness. We fairies are always ready to reward goodness and punish evil. But, so long as you remain hon-est and kind, and gentle, all the good spirits will be always ready to come to your aid. See, we are at the edge of the forest, and you can see your home; so, now bid us

ood-night, and we will leave you." of many Margaret thanked her little fairy-friends for their kindness, gayly bade them good-night, and ran merrily through the moonight to her humble home, happy and con-

ented. You may be sure she took good care of the silver bell which had done her such good service. Wouldn't you like to have one like it, dear children?

I am sure you would; and, indeed, you may have—or, at least, we all of us have a little inward monitor in our bosoms which warms us softly and gently of evil, or helps us to do right, and this little in-ward friend, whose gentle name is Conscience, may help you as greatly as Marga-ret was helped by her silver fairy-bell.

Camp-Fire Yarns.

In the Folds of a Boa.

BY CAPTAIN BRUIN ADAMS.

"BRUIN, boyee," said uncle Grizzly Adams to me, one night, as we lay out in the prairie looking up at the stars, "I want yer to tell me 'bout that big sarpint as kem so nigh puttin' out your chunk, while yur war down in thet cussed kentry whar the riptiles grows."

As the old trapper spoke, his words re-calling one of, if not the most dangerous, as well as horrible adventures of my life, I felt an involuntary shudder pervade my entire

thick boughs overhead, was the long, pliant body of a huge serpent, his great, flat head, with its wide jaws, glistening fangs, and terribly bright eyes, oscillating backward and forward, within two feet of my face, and seemingly undetermined which of the two victims he would strike. My sudden movement decided him.

I saw the body grow rigid as it swung back for the blow, the jaws flew still wider apart; a sharp hissing, accompanied with an increase of the horrid odor, and then, as I instinctively threw forward the paddle I held as a shield. I shut my eyes, and waited. Instead of the deadly sweep of the rep tile, I heard a sharp twanging sound from the shore, the hiss of an arrow as it cu

close to my ear, and the thud of the missile as it buried its flinty head amid the scales that covered the monster's body. A mighty rustling of the leaves above, as the pliant tail thrashed about in agony, then all at once the whole body came thundering down into the boat, and in the twinkling o an eye I was enveloped in the folds of the

Oh, the agony of that moment! I had faced death many and many a time, without especial dread, but this was a thousand times worse than even a Comanche's torture-post My shrieks aroused Didlake, but he was rendered absolutely powerless by fright.
But there was other and more efficient aid

As I lost consciousness under the fearful pressure that was crushing the life out of me, I saw a figure, black as night, leap from the bank into the boat, heard a few quicklydelivered blows, and then unconsciousness In five minutes they revived me by plentitude of river-water, and the first ob ject or objects upon which my eyes fell, were the various pieces of my late antago-nist, who had thus been disposed of by the

native's machete. "Lordy, boyee," exclaimed old Grizzly, "thet war tight rubbin." I raaly do b'leeve it would 'a' been the finishin o' me. Paugh! ther durned reptile!" ful and ambitious neighbors. By intrigue, corruption, and force, some of its fairest provinces had been separated from the rebublic; and, the people, like beasts, transferred to foreign despots, who were again watching a favorable moment for a second dismemberment. To regenerate a people thus debased; to obtain for a country thus circumstanced, the blessings of liberty and independence, was a work of as much difficulty as danger. But, to a mind like Kosciusko's, the difficulty and danger of an enterprise served but as stimulants to under-

The annals of these times give us no detailed account of the progress of Kosciusko in accomplishing his great work, from the period of his return from America, to the adoption of the New Constitution of Poland in 1791. This interval, however, of apparent inac-

tion, was most usefully employed to illumine the mental darkness which enveloped his countrymen. To stimulate the ignorant and bigoted peasantry with the hope of a future emancipation; to teach a proud but gallant nobility, that true glory is only to be found in the paths of duty and patriotism; inter-ests the most opposed, prejudices the most stubborn, and habits the most inveterate, were reconciled, dissipated, and broken, by the ascendancy of his virtues and example. The storm which he had foreseen, and for which he had been preparing, at length burst upon Poland.

A feeble and unpopular government bent

before its fury, and submitted itself to the yoke of the Russian invader. But the nation disdained to follow its example; in their extremity, every eye was turned on the hero who had already fought their battles; the sage who had enlightened them; and the patriot who had set the example of personal sacrifices, to accomplish the emancipation

Kosciusko made his first campaign as brigadier-general, under the orders of Prince John Poniatowski. In the second, in 1794, he was appointed generalissimo, of Poland,